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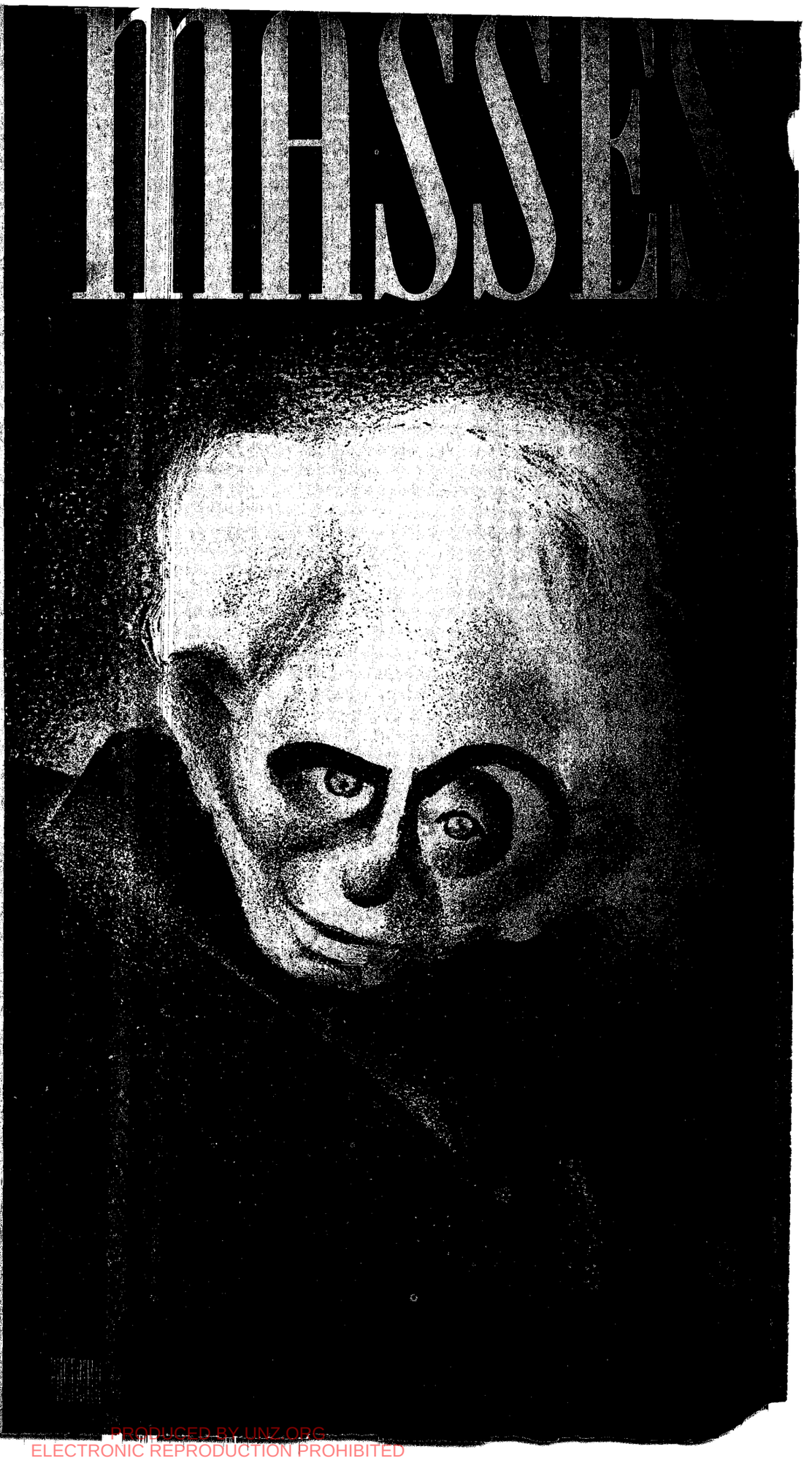

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Between Ourselves

THERE is so much we want to say in this column that we begrudge space taken to call your attention to the NEW MASSES campaign for $20,000. We want to get the campaign over, and out of the magazine. But we still need $2850.57 to reach our goal.

The summer months are here. The income of every magazine is cut during the summer. And the budget of NEW MASSES, which sails so close to the wind, requires every cent of the $20,000 we have set as our goal.

It is necessary to make this appeal; otherwise we would not continue it. We must have $20,000 as an absolute minimum if we are to weather the summer and continue to improve the magazine.

Coin cards are still outstanding. Those who have them will make their help count doubly if they mail the cards in without delay. Those who can send individual donations will add to the value of their contribution by airmailing or wiring it *now*.

"Between ourselves," we hope that this is the last time we have to talk about the $20,000 drive. Help us end it by speeding every cent to NEW MASSES, 31 East 27th St., New York City.

Prominent citizens of Harlem, together with writers and leaders in the Communist Party, will share in honoring Richard Wright, author of *Uncle Tom's Children*, and frequent NEW MASSES contributor, at a cocktail party and dance Saturday evening June 4, at the IWO Community Center, 317 West 125th St. at 10 p.m.

The affair will be held in the home of the Harlem Suitcase Theatre, where Langston Hughes' *Don't You Want to be Free?* is staged every Thursday and Sunday night.

On Thursday evening, June 9, in New York's Madison Square Garden, there will be a farewell meeting for several representatives of the Spanish government who are returning to Spain after a nationwide tour of the United States. Bishop Francis J. McConnell and Dr. Walter B. Cannon will be co-chairmen of the meeting, and among the speakers will be Ramon Sender, NEW MASSES contributor, Carmen Meana, Jose Bergamin, Ojier Preteceille, and Jay Allen. Sponsored by the Greater New York Committee of the Medical Bureau and by the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, the meeting is to be held in support of the Nye resolution to lift the embargo on loyalist Spain.

What's What

P. J. REILLY of West Nyack, N. Y., has sent in the following letter admonishing Robert Forsythe:

"Now, now, Forsythe, don't allow your characteristic Anglo-Saxon jibes spoil your otherwise good writing. I too came over on a *Mayflower*, but the boat was attached to the White Star Line. I'll wager I'm longer in this country than you are, and I'll double the bet that I was here some time before you arranged with your parents to have yourself born in the United States.

"I also know my America from Park Avenue to Tobacco Road. Furthermore, I am as good a Catholic as your Boston O'Donnells, O'Connells, McCloskys, and McGinnises.

"There are thousands of us who may take our religion from Rome; but we do not accept or get our political economy or politics from the banks of the Tiber or Leo XIII Encyclicals. ('The earth, even though apportioned amongst private owners, ceases not thereby to minister to the needs of all.')

"I have read *I Like America* and have passed it on to my neighbors here on the farms. It is a grand work and much needed. Like Longfellow, it is simple, beautiful, and true. I'll add, it is cheerful, hopeful, and buoyant, and the reading of it has stopped me swearing."

Mention of Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen editorially in the May 24th issue elicited the information from H. Seigel of San Francisco that the *Chronicle* has dropped these columnists from their pages. "Suddenly, without so much as a word of explanation to the reader," writes Mr. Seigel, "the 'Merry-Go-Round' was replaced with a most incomparable substitute, dressed up to fool such unwary readers as did not realize the invaluable service rendered by the original.

"A query to the city editor elicited the reply that the paper was economizing. This in no way explained the substitution.

"Conclusions can easily be drawn. The bankers who dictate the policies of the San Francisco *Chronicle* undoubtedly found the 'Merry-Go-Round' distasteful. . . ."

The regular monthly literary supplement will appear with next week's issue.

The first of R. Palme Dutt's monthly articles from England will be published next week. Dutt's contribution is an important discussion of the question, "Will the People's Front Conquer in Britain?"

In this issue, we change our typographical dress to allow greater flexibility. We are anxious to know what our readers think of it.

THIS WEEK

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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Who's Who

LOUIS B. BOUDIN, who has been a frequent contributor to NEW MASSES, is an authority on constitutional law. . . . Frank Pitcairn is on the staff of the London *Daily Worker*. . . . Ted Cox is editor of a CIO weekly in Cleveland. . . . Duncan Stuart was Moscow correspondent for an American newspaper. . . . Lem Harris has made an extensive study of the economic conditions of Western farming. . . . C. Day Lewis is the well-known English poet and novelist whose latest book, *Starting Point*, was recently reviewed in our pages. His letter from London is the first of a series of literary comments which he will contribute once a month to NEW MASSES. . . . Dr. Henry E. Sigerist is director of the Institute of the History of Medicine, at Johns Hopkins University. His *Socialized Medicine in the Soviet Union* was published several months ago. . . . Harry Slochower, a professor of English at Brooklyn College, is the author of *Three Ways of Modern Man* and *Thomas Mann's Joseph Story*. . . . Grace Hutchins is on the editorial staff of Labor Research Association. . . . David Ramsey is the educational director of the International Fur Workers Union.

Flashback

HAVING been found guilty of "conspiracy to injure trade and commerce," twenty New York tailors were sentenced on June 6, 1836, either to go to jail or to pay a heavy fine. They had struck for higher wages and a ten-hour day. . . . Tom Paine, leading agitator of two revolutions, died in Greenwich Village, not far from New York City, June 8, 1809. . . . Madame Sun Yat-sen, believer in China's unity and organizer of resistance to Japan, was born June 5, 1890. . . . The tent colony housing the workers in the Manville-Jenkes mill in Gastonia was fired on, June 7, 1929, by police who sought to evict the strikers. The workers defended themselves and in the struggle the chief of police directing the use of violence against the strikers was killed. Charges of first-degree murder were clapped on all the strike leaders, one of whom, Red Hendricks after five years in prison is again leading the workers of North Carolina. He spoke as their representative at the recent national convention of the Communist Party. . . . The People's Front government of France took office June 5, 1936.

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THE COURT CONFESSES ERROR

New Light on the Basic Machinery of Our Government

LOUIS B. BOUDIN

THE decision of the United States Supreme Court on April 25, 1938, in the so-called Tompkins case has created quite a stir—and deservedly so, for it is in many ways an extraordinary decision. As Mr. Arthur Krock has pointed out in the New York *Times,* and as others have pointed out in many letters to the editors of our metropolitan dailies, the decision is revolutionary in its character. And while the revolution is primarily in the domain of legal theory, its practical effects are likely to be far-reaching to litigants of all classes, including those of the working class.

We are not concerned here, however, with either legal theory or purely legal problems, but rather with the light which this decision sheds upon the fundamental processes and machinery of our government—which neither Mr. Krock nor the others who have discussed the subject in our daily press have seen fit to enlarge upon. But it is exactly that aspect of the decision which is most significant and which, primarily, should engage our attention. In order that readers may see the full import of the decision and, incidentally, understand why the writers in our metropolitan dailies, including Mr. Arthur Krock, who got quite excited about it, failed to notice the most significant thing about this decision, the facts in the case and the legal problem involved will be stated briefly. The facts in the case were as follows:

In the early morning hours of July 27, 1934, Harry J. Tompkins, a resident of Hughestown, Pa., while walking on a path which ran along the tracks of the Erie Railroad, was struck and injured by a projecting door from a passing train. Tompkins sued the Erie Railroad Co. for his injuries, claiming that it was negligent in leaving the door open and permitting it to project beyond the path, which had been used by pedestrians, to the knowledge of the company, although on its property. The company defended on the ground that because the path was on its property it did not owe Tompkins the degree of care which it would have owed if the path were a public highway, and also on the ground that he was himself negligent in not watching the train sufficiently to observe the projecting door. The action was brought in a federal court, and it so happens that on both of these questions there is a difference in the rule applied by the federal courts on the one hand, and the Pennsylvania courts on the other—the federal rule being more favorable to the injured party.

The important question, therefore, was: by what rule is this case to be governed? Tompkins claimed that he should be judged by the federal rule—which is why he brought his case in a federal court—while the company claimed the benefit of the Pennsylvania state rule. The district judge before whom the case was tried ruled in Tompkins' favor. This ruling was based on a decision of the United States Supreme Court made in 1842 in a case known to fame as *Swift* v. *Tyson.* The ruling of the district judge was upheld by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. The Erie took a further appeal to the United States Supreme Court, and Mr. John W. Davis' firm, as its counsel, secured a reversal of the judgment. It is this decision of the United States Supreme Court that has caused all the commotion. Not only because it overturned a legal principle of long standing, but because of the importance of the rule laid down in *Swift* v. *Tyson.* Let us, therefore, take a look at that case:

We have already mentioned one of the important things about that case—namely, that it was decided in 1842. The authority of a

Ad Reinhardt

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legal decision is supposed to increase with age, and there are very few decisions in our law older than *Swift* v. *Tyson*. Another thing in its favor was the fact that it was a unanimous decision of the Supreme Court. Apparently there was no doubt of its correctness at the time it was made, and Mr. Justice Story, who delivered the opinion of the Court in that case, said so. But even more important is the fact that *it was Mr. Justice Story who said so.* Perhaps our readers do not know who Mr. Justice Story was. But to the legal profession Mr. Justice Story's name ranks second only to that of John Marshall himself, whose associate on the Supreme Court he was for nearly a quarter of a century. And to those who are on the inside of our legal and constitutional history, Justice Story's name is in many respects even more important than that of Marshall himself, because Story was a very learned lawyer, which Marshall was not. The fact is that Mr. Justice Story is the only member of the United States Supreme Court who has written extensively on law. He was a prolific writer, and wrote many learned legal treatises, including one on constitutional law which is considered a great authority on the subject. *And the problem involved here is one of constitutional law,* namely, what law governs when a case comes into a federal court by reason of what is called diversity of citizenship. (The Tompkins case was brought in the federal courts because Tompkins was a citizen of Pennsylvania while the Erie Railroad was a New York corporation.) What law applies under our constitutional system in such a case is, of course, a basic question, which had to be solved as soon as our government was organized under the constitution. This introduces a complication in the form of a congressional statute, which must be considered here, although it does not affect the basic significance of the Tompkins case.

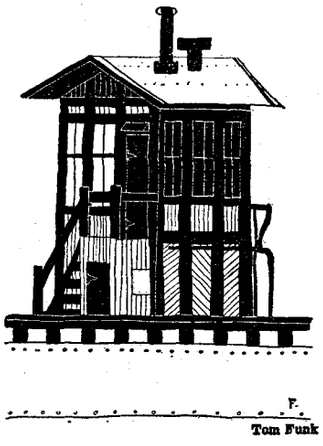
When the government was organized in 1789 under the present Constitution, the first Congress passed the Judiciary Act which established the federal courts (except the Supreme Court, which was provided for in the Constitution itself), and prescribed their jurisdiction. This act provided that:

> **The laws of the several states, except where the Constitution, treaties, or statutes of the United States otherwise require or provide, shall be regarded as rules of decision in trials at common law, in the courts of the United States, in cases where they apply.**

The federal courts proceeded to do their business (which was not very large in the beginning) under this act, but apparently the question as to just what the provision meant did not arise until *Swift* v. *Tyson,* which for the first time raised the question specifically as to just what is meant by the opening words of the section, "the laws." *Swift* v. *Tyson* involved a claim on commercial paper, and Mr. Justice Story happened to be an authority on the law of that subject also, having written a treatise on it. Mr. Justice Story was therefore assigned by Chief Justice Taney the task of writing the opinion in that case. And Mr. Justice Story wrote an opinion which covered not only the technical problems of commercial law involved, but also the constitutional problem of the function of the federal courts in cases involving commercial law. In that case the decision also turned on the question as to whether or not the state law was decisive on the subject. And Mr. Justice Story, with the concurrence of all the other judges, held that the state law *was not decisive,* notwithstanding the provision of Section 34 of the Judiciary Act quoted above, which says, *"The laws of the several states shall be regarded as rules of decision."* In short, the decision in *Swift* v. *Tyson* was to the effect that "the laws" as used in the section quoted above meant only *statutory* law (except in cases affecting purely local matters which may be governed by local usages), but that as to matters of *general law* the federal courts are free to decide for themselves *what the law is* and are not bound by the decisions of state courts on the subject. *This decision in* Swift *v.* Tyson *has been steadily adhered to by the United States Supreme Court ever since.*

It should be pointed out here that this decision did not involve merely an interpretation of a congressional statute—an interpretation which has been claimed by many lawyers to be wrong. The matter goes far deeper: it touches one of the fundamental points in our constitutional system, namely, the so-called *reserved rights of the states* under the Tenth Amendment, *the point upon which all of the New Deal legislation had been overturned by the conservative majority of the United States Supreme Court which dominated that Court until President Roosevelt introduced his judiciary-reorganization bill.*

This brings us back to Mr. Justice Story. Mr. Justice Story was not only the most learned man that ever sat on the United States Supreme Court bench (at least so his admirers claim). He is supposed to have been the greatest upholder of John Marshall's constitutional theory, so that their school of constitutional interpretation became known as the Marshall-Story school. And that is supposed to be *the school of constitutional interpretation* adhered to by the conservative lawyers of the country, including the conservative members of the United States Supreme Court. The "conservative bloc" which invalidated the New Deal legislation belonged to this school, but its two survivors, Justices Butler and McReynolds, dissented in the Tompkins case. The significance of their stand lies in this: the importance of *Swift* v. *Tyson* consisted in the fact that it diminished the authority of the states, and correspondingly increased the authority of the federal government, by transferring a large part of the law-making power from the state courts to the federal courts. In so doing, Justice Story, a true disciple of John Marshall, was perfectly consistent: the Marshall-Story school of constitutional law believed in enlarging the power of the federal government at the expense of the state governments. The Supreme Court judges who followed in their footsteps through the generations and consistently upheld the authority of *Swift* v. *Tyson* were of the same constitutional mind. And their decisions (frequently criticized by supporters of states'-rights theories) were popular with the leaders of the legal profession, who were mostly corporation lawyers, since it was the corporations which usually benefited by the rule.



Curiously enough, the first case in which a member of the United States Supreme Court questioned the correctness of this rule was a case involving negligence on the part of a railroad. That case was decided in 1893, and it was the railroad that claimed the benefit of the rule, because at that time, and for a long time thereafter, the federal rule on the subject of negligence, particularly with respect to negligence towards employees, was more "liberal" to the employers than the rules in most of the states. Wherever, therefore, there was a difference in the rule, the employers tried to get into the federal courts; and since the railroads were in a good position with respect to "diversity of citizenship," it was usually the railroads that invoked the authority of *Swift* v. *Tyson*. That was the situation in the case decided in 1893, in which the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad successfully invoked that rule, eliciting the first dissent from a member of the Supreme Court.

In 1910, Mr. Justice Holmes again attacked the rule, or at least its extension, again unsuccessfully, the rule being applied in a new field and given larger scope. The rule was again attacked just ten years ago in a case decided by the United States Supreme Court on April 9, 1928. Here, again, a railroad successfully invoked the authority of *Swift* v. *Tyson,* in a case which was particularly outrageous, both as to its facts and *as to the invasion of states' rights involved.* This time three judges of the Supreme Court dissented —Justices Holmes, Brandeis, and Stone. But the "conservative bloc" stood firm and managed to line up with it. Chief Justice Taft and Associate Justice Sanford occupied a position very similar to the "middle-of-the-roaders" of a later day. The opinion on that occasion was delivered by Mr. Justice Butler as the exponent of the views of the conserva-

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tives of the Court—*and the decision was a new invasion of states' rights.* But this same "conservative bloc," with the assistance of the successors of the original "middle-of-the-roaders," suddenly appeared as the defenders of states' rights against the encroachment of the federal government, when, by a turn of events, the ruling groups discovered that it was to their interest, at least momentarily, to uphold "states' rights" against congressional legislation.

"Momentarily" is used advisedly—for in the Tompkins case the two survivors of the "conservative bloc" on the Supreme Court, Associate Justices Butler and McReynolds, are again found on the side of national power and against states' rights. Moral: "States' rights" and similar shibboleths are nothing but a figleaf with which is covered the nakedness of the interests which are involved in the various decisions of the Supreme Court, which some of the judges at least would rather not expose to the naked eye. By this is not meant, of course, *individual* interests, either of the judges or of the litigants. What is meant is *the class or group interests represented by the judges, as viewed by them either mentally or emotionally.*

But this is not the only moral to be drawn from the Tompkins case. There is a far greater lesson to be learned from it, namely, that the Constitution may be violated, *and in this case was violated for nearly one hundred years, by the United States Supreme Court and the other federal courts.* For the United States Supreme Court, in confessing error with respect to *Swift* v. *Tyson,* has not only admitted but expressly stated that since *Swift* v. *Tyson* the federal courts, under the leadership of the United States Supreme Court, had been acting unconstitutionally in arrogating to themselves the lawmaking powers which properly belonged to the states. The substance of the decision in the Tompkins case is that not only does the phrase, "the laws," as used in Section 34 of the Judiciary Act mean *all* state laws, including those made or declared by its courts, but that *under the Constitution of the United States the federal courts were bound to apply all state laws in all cases brought in the federal courts by reason of diversity of citizenship, irrespective of any provision by act of Congress.* For, this being a constitutional matter, Congress could not order the federal courts to override the Constitution. The case further decides that, as a matter of fact, Congress never intended to do so, and that Section 34 was meant by Congress to state the correct rule under the Constitution. In giving the prevailing opinion of the Court, Mr. Justice Brandeis said:

> The question for decision is whether the oft-challenged doctrine of *Swift* v. *Tyson* shall now be disapproved. . . . The statute (i.e. Section 34 of the Judiciary Act of 1789), is merely declarative of the rule which would exist in the absence of the statute. The federal courts assumed, in the broad field of "general law," the power to declare rules of decision which Congress was confessedly without power to enact as statutes. . . .
>
> In addition to questions of purely commercial law, "general law" was held to include the obligations under contracts entered into and to be performed within the state, the extent to which a carrier operating within a state may stipulate for exemption from liability for his own negligence or that of his employee; the liability for torts committed within the state upon persons resident or property located there, even where the question of liability depended upon the scope of a property right conferred by the state; and the right to exemplary or punitive damages. Furthermore, state decisions construing local deeds, mineral conveyances, and even devises of real estate were disregarded. . . .
>
> Thus the doctrine of *Swift* v. *Tyson* is, as Mr. Justice Holmes said, "an unconstitutional assumption of powers by courts of the United States which no lapse of time or respectable array of opinion should make us hesitate to correct." In disapproving that doctrine we do not hold unconstitutional Section 34 of the Federal Judiciary Act of 1789, or any other act of Congress. *We merely declare that in applying the doctrine this Court and the lower courts have invaded rights which in our opinion are reserved by the Constitution to the several states.*

Mischa Richter

This raises the basic problem involved in the right of the courts to declare laws unconstitutional—*the problem of democracy.* Some supporters of the judicial power are under the impression that there *must* be some power within a democratic system of government to curb violations of the Constitution, and that the judiciary is the most appropriate power for the purpose. This is all nonsense. Not only is there no "must" with respect to such a power, but there *can be no such power. Nor is there any need for such a power in a democracy.* Furthermore, the judiciary is the most *inappropriate* body to exercise such power. It must be borne in mind that all the other functionaries of our government, execu-

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tive as well as legislative, are *subject to control by the people,* while the judiciary is not. The judiciary is, in effect, utterly irresponsible, except to itself and God. Mr. Justice Stone has stated it politely but adequately in his dissenting opinion in the "Triple-A" case, when he said: *"The only check upon our own exercise of power is our own sense of self-restraint."*

Well, the judiciary has not been particularly noted for self-restraint. Furthermore, once a particular set of judges has exercised the power, all succeeding judges are supposed to be bound by it. One of the principal arguments of Mr. Justice Butler in his dissenting opinion in the Tompkins case is that the judges have been exercising this power ever since the decision in *Swift* v. *Tyson*. It is true that an awakened constitutional conscience of the majority of the present Supreme Court has finally overruled that case. But it has taken the Supreme Court ninety-six years to realize that the federal judiciary has been acting unconstitutionally in *progressively invading the powers reserved to the states under the Constitution.* And but for the grace of God and President Roosevelt's judiciary-reorganization bill, the "conservative bloc" might still be ruling the roost, and *Swift* v. *Tyson* might still be one of the pillars of our constitutional system.

WHOSE NATIONAL GUARD?

THERE are wild-eyed men today, who, like the tories of colonial times, call for the shedding of the people's blood whenever the big industrialists find themselves faced with strong demands for decent living-wages and conditions from their employees. Yells have gone forth even in the halls of Congress for bloody repression of labor when its organized strength strains the resistance of the corporate oppressors. They want the National Guard called to put down every strike. They have denounced governors of states who resisted pressure put upon them to call out the guard to break a strike at bayonet's point. These are men who have no place in a proper economy, being unable, without the use of force and violence, to conduct their business properly, or unwilling to give up a cent of profit that those who produce it for them may also share in the good things of life.

They are the same men who build up private arsenals and private armies to war upon the labor movement peacefully exercising its constitutional rights. From these men must be taken the power to obtain the use of the National Guard for their own ends, the power to corrupt the National Guard establishments with gifts and subsidies. The National Guard is a people's army. It should be uniformly returned to the people from the private ownership that, in many states, is exercised over it. —REP. JOHN M. COFFEE (*D., Wash.*) *speaking on a bill sponsored by the International Labor Defense in the House.*

CHAMBERLAIN'S "SOLUTION"

A Cable from London

FRANK PITCAIRN

LONDON, MAY 26

WITH increasing indications that despite the temporary easing of the Czechoslovakian crisis following the prompt measures of defense taken by the Czechs and the unambiguous declaration by the Quai d'Orsay, the Nazis are stirring up a new "incident," with a view to precipitating a new and graver crisis, the question of British foreign policy in Central Europe becomes of paramount import to the lovers of peace and democracy. It is therefore extremely disturbing that instead of lining up with France and the Soviet Union to warn Berlin against any aggression, Great Britain is again using all its influence to persuade Prague to accept a compromise—in the name of a "peaceful settlement"—which would mean handing over to the Henleinists, and consequently to the Third Reich, the Sudeten areas of the Czechoslovakian republic.

The story of this latest attempt to come to terms with the fascist aggressors goes back to Halifax's visit to Berlin last November, when the attitude of Great Britain toward Nazi designs regarding Austria and Czechoslovakia was discussed with Hitler and Goering. At that time Halifax admitted that the Nazi proposals to "cantonize" Czechoslovakia would form a basis for a "solution." This was in line with the general British policy of rapprochement of Great Britain and France with the Berlin-Rome axis. Simultaneously, Halifax explained that his government understood the problem that confronted Germany in the pacts existing between Czechoslovakia, France, and the Soviet Union. After Henlein's ultimatum from the Carlsbad convention of the Sudeten-Deutsch Party to Prague, in which he demanded autonomy for the German areas and a radical revision of Czech foreign policy, the British government again raised their proposal for a "solution" in more definite form. During the Anglo-French talks in London, Halifax had proposed to the French that joint Anglo-French pressure be brought on Prague and Berlin to assure negotiations between the Nazis and the Czechs, on the following lines:

1. Modification of the Czech constitution to allow the country to be cantonized on the Swiss model, giving autonomy to the Germans within the Czechoslovakian state.

2. Abandonment of the Prague pact with France and the Soviet Union in return for an Anglo-French guarantee of Czech neutrality against unprovoked aggression.

These proposals were rejected by Daladier, who pointed out that they were in fact an invitation to the Nazis to undermine the integrity and authority of the Czech state from within. It was agreed, therefore, that parallel representations should be made in Prague and Berlin for a "peaceful settlement." There followed the French and British démarches in Prague and the British conversations with Woermann and later with Ribbentrop in Berlin. The divergence between the French and British approaches to the problem of Prague was significant. For whereas the British urged Prague to make every concession to the Nazis, the French minister stressed that in the view of his government all concessions must be compatible with the integrity of the Czech state and that Henlein's demand for a revision in Czech foreign policy was impossible. Meanwhile, in Berlin, the British Ambassador, Sir Nevile Henderson, made it clear that the British were willing in the event a "settlement" was reached in the Czech crisis, to extend his conversations to cover issues involved in the problem of "general European appeasement," that is, a definite tie-up with the Rome-Berlin axis. Such was the position on the weekend of May 21. On the Monday following, the French and British press gave an astonishing account of the way in which the crisis had been checked, declaring that it was in fact the "vigorous démarche" made by the British in Berlin and the "smooth functioning of the Anglo-French entente" that was mainly responsible for averting disaster. In a way this was perhaps one of the most significant features of the crisis to date, as it is now known that the British Ambassador's conversations with Ribbentrop in Berlin contributed little, if anything, toward easing the situation. Competent observers now admit that there were two factors which prevented twelve Reichswehr divisions massed on the Czech frontier from marching: (1) the promptest and most efficient defense measures taken by the Czechs, and (2) the declaration issued from the Quai d'Orsay after conversations between Foreign Minister Bonnet and the Soviet Ambassador Souritz and between French ministers and representatives of the French General Staff.

Before passing on to consider just exactly what the British did say in Berlin, it is necessary to understand the importance of not only the military but also the political effect of the Czechs' defense measures. Reports from Central Europe show that these operations have made the profoundest impression and were in

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fact—from the standpoint of military efficiency—incomparably superior to the German military operations involved in the occupation of Austria. Despite heavy Nazi censorship, the details of many hitches which occurred during the German march into Austria have already filtered into Europe. It is now generally known that a great number of hitches occurred, that materials were of poor quality, and that there were mistakes made in schedule, etc. Actually, only the air force and the Gestapo functioned as planned. The Czech operations, however, went off smoothly, despite the fact that, unlike the Nazi mobilization, they were carried out with only ninety minutes' notice, and carried out at night. In fact, it was the first example within military observation of *Blitzverteidung*—the lightning defense by the Czechs—in countering a lightning attack—*Blitzangriff*—of the Nazis, who have terrorized Europe for two years.

Indeed, Czech experience, by proving that there is an answer to *Blitzangriff*, has had great and will have even greater political repercussions. With this in mind, the actual démarche made by the British in Berlin is seen in true perspective, and the press ballyhoo concerning the British firm stand is at last exploded. For after inquiring of Ribbentrop the meaning of the Nazi troop movements—and twice being told a lie—Henderson confined himself to repeating the desire of Great Britain for a "peaceful settlement," and adding, in the strain of Chamberlain's declaration in the House of Commons after the Austrian invasion, that in the event of France being involved, Great Britain might also be drawn in. It was said by a prominent diplomat here, "Hitler is not put off by talking possibilities." Meanwhile, it has become known that Great Britain, after conversations here between the Nazi Ambassador and Halifax, is bringing the strongest possible pressure on Prague to withdraw Czech troops from the Sudeten areas and, in addition, to accept "neutral" observers in these districts.

Such demands, in fact, do not differ in the slightest from the demands of Berlin and Henlein and would actually have the effect of opening the border to the Nazis and of laying open the Czechs to *Blitzangriff*, which they have shown they can meet if they are not interfered with. Simultaneously, the full British plan for the cantonization and Belgianization of Czechoslovakia, already outlined, was being pressed. Thus it is clearly shown again that there is no "neutral" path between a firm stand against the aggressors and active *de facto* assistance to the aggressor. With the Nazis again fomenting an excuse for a march into Czechoslovakia, this policy of the Chamberlain government definitely serves to forward the outbreak of war, into which not only Europe, but America, also, will be drawn.

ETHIOPIA TODAY

IN CONNECTION with the recent meeting of the League of Nations Council, L. Taezaz, permanent delegate of Ethiopia, submitted to all members of the League a statement in the name of Emperor Haile Selassie, presenting evidence that Italy has been unable to complete the conquest of Ethiopia and that the Ethiopian people are continuing their struggle against the foreign invaders.

"The present situation in Ethiopia will be appreciated," declares the statement, "if it is realized that over at least three-quarters of the country the Italian authorities have no military control beyond an area varying roughly from ten to thirty miles around the larger towns. In fact, over at least half the country there is no military control, the military posts only maintaining their existence through fortifications, and the troops being unable to venture far from the garrisons or to penetrate the hilly and mountainous regions. Thus, throughout most of the North, West, and Southwest the greater part of the country is still under the authority of Ethiopian chiefs who, if they once submitted to the Italians, have now revolted because the Italians have broken their word."

The statement gives details of hostilities in various parts of the country. Concerning the North and the Northwest, it declares:

> During last autumn and throughout recent months there has been energetic opposition to the Italian operations, which sometimes developed into fighting on a considerable scale. There have been revolts in the provinces of Tembien and Sokota under Dejaz Hailu Kabbade and farther to the northeast, in Tigre, under the daring Dejazmatch Gabre Hewot. In the provinces of Begameder and Lasta there has been almost continuous fighting, resulting in the destruction of Italian posts and the capture of supply columns.

In the West, according to the statement:

> Gojjam Province has violently broken its benevolent neutrality towards the invading army by massacring eighteen officers whose presence in Debra Markos (capital of the province) had been tolerated under certain conditions which the Italians felt they were no longer obliged to observe. . . . In the Wollega region, and more particularly in the districts of Chellea, Gaido, Gouder, and up to the neighborhood of Ambo, to the southwest of the capital, the Ethiopians remain masters of the situation.

In regard to Central Ethiopia, the statement cites revolts in the province of Shoa, frequent attacks on the railway to Djibouti, and raids on the main roads leading from Addis Ababa to the North and West. In the whole of the vast area of the South and Southwest, covering about 100,000 square kilometers, the statement declares there are Italian garrisons at only five towns: Djirem, Yirga-Alem, Mega, Goba, and Ginir. "All other parts of the territory had be be evacuated owing to the pressure of numerous guerilla bands." In the Southeast:

> Reports received in recent months show that there have been numerous concentrations of armed Ethiopians which have attacked Italian convoys on the road through Harar to Mogadishu. Between Harar and Jigjiga more than nine thousand Italian native troops have deserted with arms.

And in the East:

> The Italians exercise no control whatever over the provinces of Danaki and Aussa.

After citing the fact that the Mohammedans, whom Mussolini's agents sought to set against the Christians, are now joining hands with the Christians in the struggle for Ethiopian independence, the statement concludes:

> It follows from the above: (1) that the country is in a continuous state of opposition to the invader over large areas; (2) that the Italian forces have not occupied the country completely; (3) that their military posts which have not been destroyed or withdrawn are in many cases on the defensive, and survive only because they receive their supplies by airplane; and (4) that the growing ascendancy of the Ethiopian troops over the larger part of their country is due to the coordination of plans between widely scattered commanders.

A. Ajay

"And now thank God for the Atlantic Ocean."

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William Gropper

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Editors
THEODORE DRAPER, GRANVILLE HICKS, CROCKETT JOHNSON, JOSHUA KUNITZ, A. B. MAGIL, HERMAN MICHELSON, BRUCE MINTON, SAMUEL SILLEN.

Contributing Editors
ROBERT FORSYTHE, JOSEPH FREEMAN, MICHAEL GOLD, HORACE GREGORY, ALFRED O'MALLEY, LOREN MILLER, ISIDOR SCHNEIDER, MARGUERITE YOUNG.

Business and Circulation Manager
GEORGE WILLNER.

Advertising Manager
ERIC BERNAY

★

The Danger Behind Cedillo

GEN. SATURNINO CEDILLO'S attempt to do a Franco on Mexican soil appears to have been short-circuited by the effective action of the Cárdenas government, behind which stands the great mass of the Mexican workers, peasants, small-business people, and intellectuals. Cedillo himself, his private army shattered, is reported a fugitive somewhere near the northwest border of the state of San Luis Potosi, center of his abortive putsch.

The danger is, however, by no means over. By continuing guerrilla warfare and inciting fascist elements in the states of Sonora, Tobasco, Chiapas, Guanajuato, and Queretaro, the Cedillistas hope to lure the government into dissipating its forces while Cedillo's allies across the American border, General Nicholas Rodriguez of the Gold Shirts and former President Plutarco Calles, make preparations for a more ambitious coup. Nazi agents and representatives of the British and American oil interests are, of course, not far in the offing, greasing the wheels of the fascist insurrection. The question is: what is our State Department doing to scotch these conspiracies against a friendly government and to prevent the transport of American planes and arms to the rebels?

Hitler, Angel of Peace

THE second Sunday of voting in Czechoslovakia's municipal elections passed without any serious incidents. The results of the election were quite parallel to those of last week's. Except for the Sudeten region, the government parties and the Communists showed considerable gains. Our analysis of the situation this week would simply be a repetition of what we said last week—the triumph of the principle of collective security.

But in the light of the many illuminating statements that have since emanated from the Third Reich, NEW MASSES is ready to admit that it was grievously wrong in asserting last week that Hitler's contemplated aggression in Czechoslovakia was stopped by the valiant resistance of the Czechs backed by the Soviet Union and France. It was a cruel mistake, and we humbly apologize to Herr Hitler, Herr Goebbels, and that fine lot of frank and fearless scribblers who express the Führer's will. It turns out that the Führer is and has always been a great lover of peace, that even in his wildest dreams he had never had the urge to do anything reprehensible to Czechoslovakia, that all those who suggested the contrary were "warbaiters" and "panic-mongers" and "paid hirelings of high finance and armament industries . . . out to enrich themselves out of the blood of nations." We admit our ignorance and lack of "journalistic rectitude" when we failed to call our reader's attention to the now indisputable fact, that it was little Czechoslovakia that was guilty of "conscious provocation," of "peace-disturbing activities," of "chauvinism and imperialism," and of most dishonorable intentions against her giant neighbor. We were woefully remiss in having failed to point out that peace in Central Europe was preserved not by Hitler's fear of concerted action of the peace loving democracies, but, as we now learn from Herr Goebbels, the *Voelkischer Beobachter,* the *Lokal-Anzeiger,* and the *Boersen Zeitung,* by Germany's tolerance, "model restraint," and "iron discipline" in the face of "recurring Czech provocations."

Deeds, Not Words

SECRETARY HULL'S invoking of the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact on the eve of the second round of elections in Czechoslovakia can be applauded as a moral gesture, but it is doubtful whether its practical effect in curbing fascist aggression will be any greater than it was when he last invoked it, just before Italy pounced on Ethiopia. Hitler and Mussolini are not awed by lofty moralizing, but by deeds. And they have had all too frequent evidence that the fine words of President Roosevelt and Secretary Hull against the fascist warmakers have been barren of any action that would restrain them. On the contrary, instead of implementing the Kellogg pact and cutting off its violators from any access to the economic sinews of war, the administration, under the infamous Neutrality Act, has followed the directly opposite policy. Secretary Hull's admonitions sound particularly hollow, coming as they do so soon after he summarily rejected all appeals for lifting the embargo on Spain. And Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles has even demanded a ban on criticism of the totalitarian regimes.

The struggle for the raising of the embargo and for a genuine peace policy, such as is embodied in the O'Connell peace bill, has only just begun. The organization of this struggle was one of the chief questions discussed at the stirring tenth national convention of the Communist Party which closed Tuesday. "It is our task to organize this movement [for an effective peace policy] with such breadth and power," said Earl Browder, general secretary of the Communist Party, in his report to the convention, "that it will be impossible for the administration in Washington to hesitate and fumble with the fate of the world." And, as another speaker at the convention, William F. Dunne, veteran Communist leader and a frequent contributor to NEW MASSES, phrased it:

> We cannot lift the embargo by waiting for Secretary Hull and President Roosevelt to change their minds. We have to change their minds for them.

Roosevelt's Tax Lesson

THAT was a meaningful lesson that President Roosevelt read the graduating class of Arthurdale, W. Va., high school. The President dispensed with the usual rhetoric and gave the class—and millions of Americans listening over the radio—an elementary lesson in the all-important subject of taxation. More specifically, he discussed the new tax bill passed by Congress. He noted the good points and elaborated on the bad—the destruction of all but the shadow of the undistributed-profits tax and the whittling down of the capital-gains levy. Both of these handsome gifts to big business, Roosevelt pointed out, violate the principle that "taxes ought to be paid by individuals in accordance with their capacity to pay." The President's language was mild and school-masterly. He chided no one and refrained from indicating where the blame lay. Yet so effective was his exposition that the following day Senator Pat Harrison, one of Barney Baruch's star pupils, took the rather unusual step of replying on the floor of the Senate.

President Roosevelt might very well have been less polite and given names and addresses. For the emasculation of the undistributed-profits and capital-gains taxes is nothing but barefaced blackmail through which the racketeers of big business will rob the government of millions of dollars at a time when large sections of the population are in desperate need. By presenting the case to the country and permitting the new tax bill to become law without his signature, the President has administered a merited rebuke to the tory Republicans and Democrats who carried the ball for the monopolies on this issue. But more than that

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is needed. *Fortune* has just published the preliminary results of a survey showing that 54.7 percent of the population approve Roosevelt, only 34.4 per cent disapprove, and 10.9 percent "don't know." The survey also indicates that 47.2 percent think that Congress should work more closely with the President, 40.6 percent want it to show what *Fortune* calls "an independent spirit," and 12.2 percent "don't know."

That gives some intimation of how "the folks back home" feel. We trust that not only the graduating class of Arthurdale high school, but the American people will take to heart the lesson that President Roosevelt has taught them, and that after November 8 a lot of the patriots who voted tax relief for Wall Street will be sadder and wiser men.

Defeat the Traitors

A GREAT lamentation arises in the land, from those Democrats who have been stabbing the New Deal in the back and now face retaliation at the polls. The effrontery of their plea that the administration must do nothing to hinder their reelection is only equaled by that of the man who murdered his father and mother, and then pleaded for mercy on the ground he was an orphan. It is not merely a right that the New Deal and its progressive allies possess, to defeat the traitors, but a duty. In its platform just adopted the Communist Party points the way, by calling for the concentration of all support, in every election district, behind a single candidate whose honest progressivism has been proved.

Call It Un-American

"HERE we are coming toward the end of the Seventy-fifth Congress," said Representative O'Malley in the House the other day, "faced with twelve million unemployed, faced with a recession that is growing steadily. So we are going to offer the *only* solution we can think of, an investigation to try to determine what is un-American. Certainly a brilliant wind-up that should make our workless and hungry citizens very pleased and happy over their representations. If anything endangers our government it is stuff like this." The debate was over the Dies resolution for another smelling expedition (which was duly agreed to, and will shortly be upon us). But the Red-baiters in the House had powerful arguments to offer. For instance, the *Congressional Record* provides this, by Representative Taylor of Tennessee:

> A few days ago, in the Madison Square Roof Garden in New York City, eighteen thousand militant Communists assembled, denounced and advocated the overthrow of this republic, and sang the Communist anthem, the *International*, with red flags flying and Old Glory only conspicuous by absence. Communist radicals recently for the second time had the unmitigated audacity and depravity to desecrate that hallowed shrine sacred to every red-blooded American—Plymouth Rock—by enveloping it in red paint. The miserable wretches who committed this dastardly deed ought to be hunted down like rattlesnakes and kicked out of the country. [Applause]

Mr. Taylor's report on current events has at least the charm of novelty, and a certain entertainment value. But there are more serious aspects to the Dies investigation even than Red-baiting, which, as one election result after another has shown, recoils on the Red-baiters. Thomas of New Jersey opened the bag for a moment and revealed the feline inside:

> Let me point out one other thing we should investigate . . . and that is the propaganda being disseminated by the agencies of our national government. These in reality are just as un-American as the propaganda that is being spread by these so-called un-American groups. Furthermore, our present national government is spending millions of dollars of the taxpayers' money just to perpetuate the bureaucrats in office.

Thus the Dies investigation, ostensibly to "investigate" the Nazis and the Communists, will go on to include "all other questions"—and prominent among these other questions will be the New Deal itself. Truly, as Representative O'Malley said, "a brilliant wind-up," and one which our workless and hungry citizens will appreciate.

Jersey City Plague

ONCE Hitler was regarded as a funny little bigot with maniacal ideas.

Last week Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City ordered his police to deport Congressman Jerry O'Connell of Montana. His storm troopers gathered, shouting at O'Connell, "Kill him!" His police seized the congressman, manhandled him, told him that "international Jews" in alliance with the "Reds" were the organizers of the protests against Mayor Hague.

Fascism is a disease that infects the state. Its spread menaces the health and lives and culture of all. Mayor Hague, protégé of the reactionary industrialists whom he protects, has so far been allowed to nurture the fascist infection without governmental interference. Already the disease spreads: a would-be Hague, mayor of Peekskill, N. Y., prohibited the distribution of union leaflets. With commendable alertness, on the request of the Millinery Workers Union, Governor Lehman summoned the pseudo-dictator to Albany to explain his denial of civil liberties and his violation of state and federal law. But in New Jersey, Mayor Hague has proclaimed himself the law, and is powerful enough to control the state and his puppet, the governor. And behind him stand the open-shoppers who use the mayor against the growing union movement.

How long will the federal government tolerate this menace to American liberties? It is to be hoped that the Department of Justice, which has announced it is investigating the Jersey City situation, will act with speed and vigor. And the La Follette civil-liberties committee has here another opportunity of cleaning up one of the plague spots of American democracy.

Fashion Note

WE DON'T often pretend to give advice on the latest styles, but one of our best-dressed correspondents has given us a tip worth passing on. When shopping for a summer hat ask the salesgirl, "Is this a toyo?" If it is, the chic thing is to pass it by. Because toyos are made of Japanese rice-paper crushed into narrow strips, coated with cellulose, and woven to look like straw. Each one sold helps buy bullets for the Japanese armies in China.

In the same price range, our correspondent informs us, are bakus and ballibuntls, natural straws woven in China and the Philippines. Or there are Panamas from Colombia, Peru, and Ecuador.

A Horrible Example?

> "The Fur Workers International Union, on the other hand, led by Ben Gold, is the classic and horrible example of . . . open Communist leadership. . . . Its contracts are mainly renewals, and it gets along with the employers. . . ."—Benjamin Stolberg in the New York *World-Telegram*.

AFTER fifteen weeks, the lockout in the fur industry which the Fur Workers International Union turned into a general strike, has ended in victory for the fifteen thousand strikers. The agreement terminating the walkout was unanimously ratified by the membership.

The new contract increases fur-workers' earnings by an estimated $5,000,000. But the most important gains—precedents for the entire needle-trades industry—established job security and equalization of work. Covering the period between the signing of the settlement and February 1941, the contract provides for eight months' consecutive work to be equally divided among the members, in addition to setting weekly wage minima, limiting the employment of temporary help, and prohibiting the use of skins bought or processed in Germany.

Despite the depression, used by big business throughout America as an excuse to attack the present wage levels, the fur-workers forced the employers to agree to a rise in pay. They eliminated the worst abuses in the industry. And they carried on their tra-

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dition, which they have maintained since Ben Gold became president in 1925, that each new contract signed should advance wages or improve conditions or both.

The Communists can be proud of their leadership. But it seems they've double-crossed Mr. Stolberg once again.

Unity Wins in Akron

IN THE national drive against wage standards—the proposed cut in railroad wages is an example—Akron was selected as the front line. But months of threats by the owners bore no results. The time came for a showdown. And so company and city police assaulted picketing rubber-workers, and wounded a hundred of them, one seriously.

Goodyear officials, acting for the other rubber barons, had ordered gas and bullets. Mayor Schroy (who won office in 1937 because Labor's Non-Partisan League failed to rally in sufficient strength the middle-class vote) responded to the rubber officials' demand with alacrity. And in the state capital, Governor Davey, political waterboy of Tom Girdler, showed eagerness to back the mayor with the National Guard.

The response of the United Rubber Workers to the vicious armed terror was so immediate, the support of other unions was so spontaneous, that the attackers hesitated. They were worried by the organization of a joint AF of L and CIO defense committee; they hardly expected the immediate warning by leading unions that if the troops marched in, a general strike would follow. Goodyear officials who a day before had refused to negotiate with the rubber-workers, suddenly expressed willingness to talk things over. Mayor Schroy withdrew police concentrations.

The battle was not yet won. The mayor received new encouragement to proceed with the terror, and his blustering recommenced. But a note of desperation crept into the employers' threats. For in the national offensive against wage standards the Akron front had not produced a victory. Two months ago, Goodrich workers had refused to be bluffed into accepting cuts, despite the announcement by the rubber companies that they would move their plants out of Akron if reductions were not accepted. A mass meeting of all unions forced the companies to back down. Immediately Firestone renewed its contract with the union. Goodrich balked, and a short, powerful strike forced the management to sign an agreement. Goodyear remained the last hope of turning defeat into victory.

But the unity of the labor movement, plus the support of the progressive middle-class people in defense of the union, thwarted the generals who had visions of gassing, clubbing, and shooting rubber-workers into submission. Overnight, the Goodyear Company agreed to reinstate discharged workers and reopen the plants. Overnight, they agreed to negotiate and to sign a contract with the union on terms to be arrived at. Unity has won. This is a fact of deep significance in the rising growth of the American democratic front.

The Strength of the Soviets

HEADLINES over recent Soviet news in the capitalist press suggest in part the reason for that country's colossal influence in the worldwide struggle of democracy against fascist aggression: *Russia Increases Social Insurance. Record Grain Crop Is Likely in Soviet. Soviet Says Fleet Can Stop Reich's. Russia May Quit Anglo-French Bloc if Supplies to Loyalist Spain Are Curtailed. Russia Mobilizes 1,000 War Planes.* In short, all the efforts of the fascists and their stooges to belittle the strength of the Soviet Union are of no avail.

Take a few quotations from the New York *Times*:

> Last year's bumper crop permitted Russia once more to figure as a grain-exporting country. The Soviet Union exported 257,000,000 rubles' worth, compared with 36,000,000 rubles' worth in 1936. By present indications—which, of course, could be altered by bad weather or other unfavorable factors—this year's harvest should exceed last year's.
>
> State expenditures for varying forms of social service from the building and operation of rest homes to the care of expectant mothers was announced in the 1938 social insurance budget made public today. The total is 5,900,000,000 rubles, as compared to 5,048,000,000 rubles for 1937.
>
> Admiral K. I. Dushenov declared that this newest Soviet naval unit (the Northern Fleet) was now strong enough to prevent Germany from ever blockading Murmansk, to bar hostile ships and to keep open the Soviet seaways to the west and east. There is no reason to doubt the truth of this boast, for it is no secret that the Soviet Union has been busily engaged in building up naval bases and shore defenses and buying and constructing warships in recent years.

But perhaps the most striking evidence of the strength of the Soviet Union is the spread of education in that country. Only ten years ago, when the first Five-Year Plan was launched, the USSR was forced to import engineers, specialists, experts, and builders from abroad. Now things have changed. In a recent speech before the All-Union Conference of Teachers and Students in Soviet Universities and Higher Educational Institutions, V. Molotov, Chairman of the Council of People's Commissars of the USSR, cited some rather startling and revealing data as regards the relative number of students of university grade in various leading countries. France and Germany, each 74,000; Italy, 73,000; Great Britain proper, 51,000. That is—

> The number of students in the universities and higher educational institutions of all the four so-called "great powers" of Europe, taken together, totals 270,000. Let us add to this the 146,000 students in the universities and higher institutions of learning of Japan. It turns out that Germany, Italy, France, Great Britain, and Japan together have only a little over 400,000 students of university grade. Compare this with the situation in the USSR, with its 550,000 students in universities and higher educational institutions. The Soviet Union alone has more students than all the higher educational institutions of the great powers of Europe plus Japan.

Readers who would compare the Soviet figures with those in our country should bear in mind that the graduates of Russian secondary schools—the *desiatilietkas*—are possessed of an education equivalent to that of our high school, plus the freshman and sophomore years in college. In other words, to the 550,000 students mentioned by Molotov, we would have to add all the students who in 1937 were in the two upper classes in the Soviet *desiatilietkas*. Though we have not these figures at hand, we venture to surmise that the Soviet Union does not lag very far behind our own country, while the dynamics of the growth is considerably greater there.

A Toast to Science

AGAINST the background of these magnificent cultural achievements in a country not very long ago still referred to as "dark" Russia and "drunken" Russia, Joseph Stalin's toast to Soviet science (at a reception for university scholars at the Kremlin on May 17, 1938) assumes special meaning. While fascists burn books and reach for their revolvers when the word "culture" is mentioned, the spokesman of the Soviet peoples raised his glass—

> To the flourishing of science, that science which does not segregate itself from the people, does not stand aloof from the people, but is ready to serve the people, is ready to transmit to the people all the conquests of science; the science which serves the people not under compulsion, but voluntarily, willingly.
>
> To the flourishing of science, that science which does not permit its old and recognized leaders self-contentedly to retire into the shell of the pontiffs of science, into the shell of the monopolists of science; the science which understands the meaning, the significance, and the omnipotence of the unity of the oldsters of science with the youngsters of science; the science which voluntarily and willingly opens all gates of science to the youthful forces of our country and affords them the possibility of conquering the heights of science; the science which recognizes that the future belongs to the youth in science.
>
> To the flourishing of science, that science whose men, realizing the power and importance of the traditions established by science and skillfully utilizing them in the interests of science, still do not desire to be slaves of these traditions; the science which has the courage and determination to break old traditions, norms, principles, when they become obsolete, when they turn into brakes on progress; the science which is able to create new traditions, new norms, new principles.

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Forsythe's Page

Is Shaw a Fascist?

AT EACH new report that George Bernard Shaw has become a fascist, I flinch. No matter how often I hear it, I can't believe it; and if it were ever proved to me conclusively, I'd not be the same for a long time. I am probably not alone in this feeling because I understand there is quite a cult of Shavians. Even when I recognize that he is being a fool, I have a tender feeling for the man. More than that, I am inclined to forgive him at the very moment when he is shallowest.

I was never more conscious of what a hold Shaw has on me and what an influence he has been on my life than when I was recently seeing the Mercury Theatre production of *Heartbreak House*. Briefly, I think it is a great play. Not only is Orson Welles astute as a producer, but he is also a sincere friend of Broadway. By bringing on *Heartbreak House* late in the season, he has saved the reputation of practically every other playwright on the street.

Whenever I see a Shaw play, other authors seem to me to be unfortunate creatures who stumbled on the doorstep on entering the sixth grade and have never since been able to leave the room. By the same token, whenever I hear a playgoer complain that Shaw is windy or tedious or talky, I make a mental note in that hidden crevice where I store my enmities, and that makes one less friend we need invite for supper on Sunday evening.

As a general rule, I am a bad one for picking out symbols and I was no more successful than usual at *Heartbreak House*. I recognized faintly that it had something to do with the breakdown of England, but perhaps the collapse wasn't complete enough to please me. In any event I was too enraptured by the dialogue to be concerned with the message; and yet I felt all the time that the message was the most important ever presented to living man. If you advance the theory that I am merely suffering from a strange disease, I will not deny you; but I think it's more than that. I think it is because Shaw is, *theatrically*, the greatest thinker the world has ever known.

Note the qualification I make. What I mean is that, within the narrow confines of a play, he can say more than any other man. It is an art not to be scoffed at, as anyone who has endeavored to place social ideas on the stage will tell you. A play of revolt can be done because it is fundamentally a thing of action; a play of ideas is the most difficult form of dramaturgy. Shaw has not merely managed to overcome the handicap; he has triumphed as a playwright in doing it.

WHEN critics write that Shaw is an essayist who is using the stage solely as a platform, I must laugh. The truth is that technically he is a master of stagecraft. Go back and examine his earlier plays: *Arms and the Man* is the most perfect comedy ever written; the scene in *Pygmalion* when the young scientist brings his protégé home to meet his mother is the most hilarious fifteen minutes I have ever seen on the stage. The notion that he merely gets a few characters on the stage and lets them talk is fantastic. He knows tricks about the trade that would make George S. Kaufman blush with envy. The device by which he allows old Shotover in *Heartbreak House* to wander on and off the stage is as astute as anything ever invented by a play doctor. Instead of wracking his brain for ways of handling the old dodderer logically, he walks him on, has him say his few words, and walks him off. It makes a fool of all the subtle third-raters who are eternally worried about the verities of the theater.

Whenever I get into an argument about Shaw as a dramatist, I find that my opponents are thinking almost entirely about the plays of his latter years; those choice bores which finally wearied a Theatre Guild audience. I've even forgotten their names, but in the name of sense why bother remembering plays like that when he had done twenty triumphs before! Before I die I want to see *Man and Superman* done complete, including the marvelous middle section with the scenes in hell. If it means that I must sit for eighteen hours in the theater, without food, drink, or an occasional sneeze, I will do it eagerly, hanging on to each word as it is spoken, treasuring it.

Beside him, the other figures who provide us with our evenings at eight-forty seem like juvenile bores. At a Shaw play I feel myself in the presence of a mature man; at most other plays I writhe in my seat, embarrassed at being seen in public with such company.

In all desperate truth, 98 percent of what is spoken, written, and printed in this sad period of history is beneath the dignity of a sane man. The drivel and sheer dishonesty and obvious pandering of our daily newspapers, even the best of them, are enough to make one physically ill. As I write these words, I experience a tortured inner feeling; the same feeling I have on reading the New York *Sun* or the Los Angeles *Times* or the Boston *Globe* or the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. It is a feeling of horror, based on the cheapness of the human intellect, the meanness and deviousness of the reactionary soul, the degradation of the mind which goes with such writings. There seems no end to the perversions, the lies, the reversals of all truth and honor and dignity.

I make no case for Shaw as a great thinker because I believe he falls short of that; and certainly the training in compromise he had with the Fabians has not helped him in carrying his own premises to a sensible conclusion; but as a playwright he is a cauterizing influence; his words cut and cleanse almost simultaneously. One wants to shout in utter relief when his sentences pierce the darkness and illuminate the truths which have been obscured. Some of his words are like explosions in the mind; they strike and light up; they shock and shatter; they come as truths so profoundly and everlastingly true that one experiences a sense of rebirth, a desire to run about wildly, shouting that the world is not lost after all.

I'M making this pretty strong and will probably live to regret it, but the Shaw of the best days was like this. Brooks Atkinson of the New York *Times*, writing in admiration of Shaw's preface to *Heartbreak House*, expresses his wonder that Shaw, in 1919, could have been so prophetic about present-day England.

If Mr. Atkinson will believe me, it was because Shaw, in those days, was a conscious Marxist. If he will read an even more striking thing by Shaw, his *Common Sense About the War*, the famous pamphlet which was published about two months after the invasion of Belgium in 1914 and analyzed the causes of the war, its results, and even the consequences of the peace, Mr. Atkinson will be readier to believe me. Shaw has always been the first to avow that Marx "made a man of me"; but the reading of the pamphlet will dispel any doubt of it. The pamphlet is an amazing performance. The ideas were not new to the Marxists of that period, although they must have sounded like treason to the average citizen as much taken in by bunk as the public of today, but the thing which redounds most to Shaw's credit was his courage in refuting the whole case for war, at a time when England was going insane with patriotism. He exploded the myth of the rape of Belgium, showed conclusively that the war was the result of imperialistic rivalries, and revealed that any thought of permanent peace while capitalism ruled was nonsense.

The man may be in his dotage and I most certainly don't like the company he is keeping, but the news that he is a fascist is more than I can believe. There have been plenty of fake Marxists but it will take a lot of proving to convince me that anybody with a brain could be either a fascist or a Trotskyite. And most certainly Shaw has a brain.

ROBERT FORSYTHE.

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HUNGER IN CLEVELAND

No Deaths as Yet—They Come Later

TED COX

THE reporter sitting on the next stool thoughtfully swirled his glass around the puddle of beer on the bar and complained, "The thing is that there hasn't been a single goddamn starvation reported since this relief crisis started."

To the majority of people, that's the puzzling thing about this Cleveland relief breakdown. In this highly industrialized city, noted for its great diversification of manufacturing establishments and its huge steel and auto plants, more than 300,000 former wage-earners are out of work. Nearly one-third of the 1,250,000 population exists on direct relief or WPA. Thousands of others get old-age pensions, mothers' pensions, other forms of statutory welfare, or private charity. Thousands of other unemployed get nothing, living off relatives, exhausting small savings, or getting loans.

On May 1 there came the breakdown of direct relief—a breakdown presaging crises in numerous other cities and states where the effects of the growing recession clash against the Landon relief-programs of Republican or tory Democratic state and local officials.

Shrewd Republican Mayor Harold H. Burton announced that the city's relief funds were exhausted, laid off the entire relief staff with the request that it "volunteer" services, and blamed Gov. Martin Davey for refusing to provide state relief-funds. Sit-in strikes spread through the relief offices. Davey, who had long delayed calling the legislature, in accordance with the no-relief demands of the chamber of commerce, issued a call.

Special reporters swarmed into Cleveland, expecting actual death by starvation. They waited for riots to break out at City Hall and around Tom Johnson's free-speech monument on Public Square.

But the spectacular didn't happen. No riots occurred. Clearly defined death by starvation could not be found.

And most observers, seeking the spectacular, simply couldn't understand it. What they missed was this: 1938 is not 1932. Representatives of the unemployed work in a new way. The prestige and strength of CIO-Workers Alliance unity makes for a minimum of riots since it is politically dangerous to attack the unemployed. In addition, Mayor Burton, now mentioned as 1940 presidential timber, uses a streamlined "liberal" strategy for the attainment of Republican objectives. Spectacular starvation is out.

The crisis did not strike suddenly. Direct relief, financed largely by the federal government at the depths of the last depression, is the responsibility of cities and states. Ruling the state is Martin Davey, counterfeit Democrat. He blames the Republican city administration. The city administration blasts Davey. Together they block adequate relief along the lines of the discredited Landon program.

For six days, starting last January 1, when skyrocketing unemployment precipitated the first crisis, no food orders went out. The legislature appropriated a pittance and relief was resumed.

By April, relief standards were among the lowest in the country—far below the minimum standards. Burton announced a financial crisis and cut the sub-standard handouts another 10 percent. On May 1, orders stopped altogether.

Husky young Andrew Onda, Cuyahoga County chairman of the Communist Party, had been hammering for months on the fact that while the city administration doomed 75,000 relief clients to illness and misery with the cry of municipal bankruptcy, millions of dollars were being tucked away for debt payments to bankers and bondholders. Now the CIO, the Workers Alliance, and progressive councilmen took up this cry. And while lights burned late into the night of May 2 at the relief stations occupied by sit-in strikers, more than one thousand relief clients jammed into the city-council chamber, demanding action.

Republican councilmen, taking advantage of

Gardner Rea

"I don't know what Senator McNaboe looks like, but I bet that looks like Senator McNaboe."

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anti-Davey sentiment, jumped from their seats to smear progressive, New Deal, and LNPL-endorsed Democrats with the label: "You belong to the same party as Martin L. Davey."

Progressive councilmen got the floor for unemployed leaders, many of whom had been jailed even for speaking on Public Square during the previous relief struggles. Workers Alliance and CIO officials took the microphone. Instead of producing riots, they calmly and coldly shot through the Burton-Davey camouflage with fact and logic. Council appropriated just enough to provide food for four days.

Burton summoned a "citizens' committee." The committee is dominated by bankers, industrialists, and their attorneys. But this time unemployed leaders, formerly "untouchables" in such circles, were added to the committee.

This provided the 100 percent pro-Burton press with a basis for stories lauding the liberal work of Burton. It united strong forces behind Burton, squeezing Davey. Davey summoned the legislature.

The effective Burton stage-play goes on. The legislature meets, delays action for at least two weeks by launching an "investigation" of "relief chiseling" to be conducted by anti-relief representatives from the rural bloc, and goes home.

The Workers Alliance and the CIO fight every Monday in council and win one-week emergency appropriations.

Relief clients crowd the ornately decorated city-council chamber on the night of May 16, get food for only one week, sit down and remain there for five days and nights. Old men and women sit stolidly on the hard seats for hours, dozing from time to time. Pretty girls, just out of high school, draw cartoons and write verses. Men idly shuffle cards on councilmanic desks.

Leaders from a half-dozen CIO unions and from Labor's Non-Partisan League stop in to take over the council president's rostrum, hastily vacated at the beginning of the sit-down, and pledge financial and moral support. Women prepare sandwiches in the cloakroom, which has been converted into a commissary.

Reporters, expecting rough talk, are surprised at the clear, thoughtful, grammatical presentations of the speakers. They are more surprised when, at ten o'clock in the evening, a group of talented young men and women —the Lincoln Players—take over the rostrum and present entertaining songs and skillfully written skits satirizing Martin Davey. They begin to sense this is 1938, not 1932.

And, in the meantime, the rest of the 75,000 clients exist through May on diets of 4.5 cents a meal, waiting for eviction, using candles and kerosene lamps because, in many homes already wired, the current has been cut off . . . cooking on coal stoves when they can get coal . . . gas cut off . . . kids staying away from school because practically no clothes have been handed out for more than a year.

Out in Cleveland's Harlem, residence of the 100,000 Negro people, the suffering is worst. There the tuberculosis rate is enormously high. The death rate mounts.

An aged colored woman brushes away the fog of apathy arising from years of hunger and fear to remark, "They's just two things we all got to do in this life—stay black and die."

In a nearby shack, housing four families (the usual lower-front, lower-rear, upper-front, upper-rear in an ancient eight-room house) a mother of eight says, "Look at all the food in Cleveland . . . the groceries full with stuff out on the sidewalks and us people starving . . . I'm not gonna starve . . . I'll get it. . . ."

A ten-year-old girl is found stealing $1.65 and buying food at a nearby grocery store for herself and a girl companion. The father explaining they sometimes go two days with no food just before the food order comes.

Mrs. Alberta Murray lies on an old cot, weak from pain of an infected thumb, while eleven-year-old Carl stays home from school to care for the family of eight on those four days when his father works for the $60-a-month WPA wage. She explains how she went to Charity Hospital for treatment of her thumb, got turned down because she didn't have the twenty-five cents for treatment, went to a dispensary, got turned down because it was "baby day," and finally found a private physician who says he'll probably have to amputate.

Miss Frances Preston, home economist for the Emergency Division of Charities and Relief, says, "The effects don't become manifest immediately. The insufficient diet just makes people weak. Results show up later . . . in deaths by pneumonia and other diseases."

Doctors write indignant demands to the relief offices and get polite replies instead of results. The people with ulcers can't get enough food for the diet which would stop

Snow

INVITATION FROM LADY ASTOR

O, jump the hedges, skip the fen,
And weekend here at Cliveden;
I'm sure you'll like the guinea hen
At Cliveden, at Cliveden.

We'll talk of oil and guns and stuff,
And loans to Hitler on the cuff—
You see? It'll be so terribly gay,
Trumping the Duce with an Austrian trey.

Everything will be done in style,
Neat, brown-shirted, with a "heil."

You know the games that we can play:
"Double-cross" and "Czech-away,"
All the things you like to do,
Even "Franco—I love you."

There'll be no talk of territories;
Let Hitler take the Russian quarries!
We may even put the seal
On just that kind of splendid deal.

It's going to be so pleasant, dear,
Goebbels promised Rothermere
That we won't ever, ever hear
A single tiny bit of news
About the torture of the Jews.
(I think he's got some silent screws.)

You see, I made it doubly clear,
At Cliveden, we need atmosphere.
So won't you come and share a bun
With Lord and Lady Lothian?

Now Neville dear, please don't say no.
Joachim's all set to go.
But we needn't stop
At Ribbentrop,
Now Halifax is Adolf's beau.

You'll come? Oh Neville, you're a dear!
I really didn't have much fear,
Because I know that you're the kind
That has a (retro)active mind.

White tie, of course.

GODDARD LIEBERSON.

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pain. And there's no place to get it. They suffer—silently as a rule because the successful CIO fight for WPA jobs has put most of the militants on work relief and large sections of the direct-relief population are demoralized, old, or too weak to fight. More than 25,000 could never work.

No, there are no deaths directly resulting from starvation. The deaths come later—except the suicides. Tuberculosis spreads. People die from high blood-pressure . . . and some doctors remark that high blood-pressure in many of these cases is caused primarily by fear. They speak of the "hidden starvation" which brings softening of the bone and crumbling teeth. There are children with rickets in this modern city.

And, in this situation, the Communist leadership in protest sit-ins and organized political action in the coming election. The Workers Alliance leads demonstrations at City Hall and hammers at the statue. A huge crowd boos Governor Lehman, almost blocking the entrance to the political meeting.

CIO workers in the shops begin to recognize that this fight is their fight for future starvation . . . and delegates from the floor of the Cleveland Federation of Labor embarrass reactionary bureaucrats with the suggestion of joint action with the C.I.O. and the unemployed.

Looking toward the September primaries, Davey seeks to build rural support on an anti-relief program. Burton builds himself as a "champion of relief."

It becomes clear that the federal government must step in to stop the mass misery.

And, while these things go on, an increasingly powerful Committee of Labor's Non-Partisan League clubs big crowds in almost every ward. The hammer at the cracking façade of the administration by building membership and alliances. And above it all there is the accelerated cry, "We'll not take another 1932!" making it clear that they are not to be fooled even by the shrewd political pattern of Mr. Roosevelt.

A IDEA OF HELL

Of four motion-picture houses in the Canary Islands, according to a traveler who has just returned from Franco's island possession, are entertaining good crowds with American films, which are popular there. There is a gruesome note in the fact there have been no new American movies imported since the outbreak of the rebellion, and the people of the Canaries have been seeing about ten pictures over and over again, as they rotate among the theaters. It hasn't affected attendance to any great degree. The generalissimo, in a Will Hays role, has decreed that no new subversive American films will be allowed.

R MILES IN FOUR WEEKS

The Levante Front—Country of the Big Upset

JOSEPH NORTH

This is the country of the big upset. The Levante Front runs, roughly, from the Mediterranean to the mountains of Teruel. It reaches from Tortosa at the mouth of the Ebro to just below Alcala de Chivert on the coast. The battlegrounds run through the mountains and glens of Castellon and Teruel Provinces, rich lands coveted since olden times by Moors and Romans.

We examined three prisoners taken a few hours ago near Albocacer, as hang-dog a trio as I have ever seen. Ragged, dirty, they had taken off their crummy socks about which a cluster of flies had already gathered, and sat sunning themselves on the stone wall outside of General Headquarters. They were peasants from the provinces of Navarre and Galicia, shock troops which the invaders were using to fill in holes in their lines of Moors and Littorias, the men Mussolini picked to finish this war off. A young political commissar with his hand in a sling asked them questions. They answered with averted eyes, evidently thinking their last minutes were here and by rights they should be saying their prayers. The prisoners confessed they couldn't understand it. "We expected the war to be finished when we reached Vinaroz," one of them, the Galician, said. "That's what our officers told us," the Navarrese chimed in. The third said he'd sent a letter home to his folks, saying it would all be ended in a few days now and he'd see them soon. "Many of us sent letters home when we took Vinaroz," the Navarrese said. And many of the parents waiting at home will never again see their sons in Franco's forces who wrote these cards. For losses of the fascists along the coast of Levante have been tremendous. The republican officer told us the attacking enemy was losing five men to every one lost by the defending loyalists.

Yes, this is indeed the land of the big upset. Military authorities throughout the world took another whiskey and predicted it was all over but the shouting when the Littorias, Il Duce's crack troops, reached *mare nostrum*. But the military men were wrong, as military men so often are. Orthodox officers don't understand and never have understood the resistance of an embattled people. They understand only what they can see and lay their hands on; they knew Mussolini's Capronis, Mussolini's whippet tanks, Mussolini's rapid mountain-artillery would mop up in jig-time after they reached the coast. And in the first onrush after Good Friday, when they got Vinaroz, didn't they take a slice out of Littoral from Tortosa to Alcala de Chivert? It was a pushover from now on. Spain was cut in two—you couldn't guess wrong if you tried. The advance would be steady and rapid. On April 16, the day after the coast road had been cut, Chamberlain signed the Anglo-Italian pact. Mussolini had thought another shipment of troops would be unnecessary. He'd lost nothing by promising Chamberlain to keep his "volunteers" out of Spain. Chamberlain understood how things were, and put his name to the agreement. Then something happened; it had happened in Madrid in November 1936. If Chamberlain and the military men read history they would have known that it happened in Iberia in 1808, too. But they don't know, or won't believe, history. It's much easier to believe in a drove of 1938-model whippet tanks that can whiz down the road at fifty miles an hour. Morale is one of those imponderables which military men dislike.

What happened to the big advance? Oh, sure enough, it has happened, and is continuing.

In the past four weeks, the juggernaut of the invaders has rolled on—exactly four miles—and if Il Duce wants to roll on farther he must send more shiploads of men and materials, to Mr. Chamberlain's embarrassment, not to speak of his own consternation.

The political commissar of the division was young, his arm in a sling, but he was one of the most active men I have met in Spain. He took us to his room in a villa occupied by the commissariat, overlooking rolling hills that sloped off to the Mediterranean. He showed us positions on maps and made crosses to indicate where the enemy is and where we are. This he did with a rapid-fire manner, as though impatient to get done with the business. Then he pulled a drawer out of his desk and handed us what I believe was his work of love. It was a copy of the division's paper, *Lucha*—which means "Struggle." It comes out daily and has fine engravings and drawings by artists who fight in the trenches and then take time off to draw scenes near to the men. The commissar kept repeating, "Our men have complete faith in the democratic peoples of the world." I shall never forget how he said it. "El soldado Espagnol lucha y lucha con gusto"—"The Spanish

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soldiers fight and fight with gusto—not only for their own freedom but for the freedom of the entire world," he said. "And we're sure the world will send us aid. We're absolutely sure the world will send us aid."

Wherever we went we found leaflets, posters, newspapers carrying Negrín's Thirteen Points, summarizing ideals for which loyalists fight. Publication of this program has produced enthusiasm among the troops. One can't imagine until he talks to them. The bulk of the army are peasants, and peasants are suspicious people. They have been bilked so often and picked clean so frequently, they want to be shown—and shown often. The Thirteen Points reiterated the government's goals—goals of the fighting men. And this declaration further cemented their ties with the Negrín government, for it showed them that the government, more than ever, was theirs, spoke their language, had their ideas, fought their fight. Being peasants, they hungered for land. And one of the Thirteen Points promised land, aid, and security to the farmer. Many of them are still religious even though anti-hierarchial, and the declaration assured them religious freedom. The Thirteen Points summarized all their aspirations, and they were happy. The young political commissar showed us a headline in the latest edition of *Lucha: There's Only One Barrier to the March of Aggressors—the Resistance of Those People Who Are Unafraid to Defend Their Independence.* These men are unafraid to defend their independence.

"Resistance," the commissar said, "has become part of our nature, so to speak." And he showed us the leading story in the edition that day: There was an Italian tank attack on the Teruel sector. It passed over the first- and second-line trenches of the loyalists. The republicans stuck to their guns and fought so valiantly that Italian infantrymen feared to follow their tanks. As a result, the whippets were captured.

That's just one day's story. Every day brings its budget of heroism to the soldier-editor's office. That's the way things go down here on the Levante Front; it is the reason why Chamberlain and Mussolini feel so embarrassed these days. It's the reason why these upsets keep on happening when there are so many handsome, made-in-Milan whippet-tanks in the hills. Mr. Chamberlain and the military experts had better take another whiskey and try to figure it out.

Colin Allen

"Weather reports by the courtesy of the Emperor: Partially cloudy followed by thirty bombing planes."

VOICE IN THE STATE DEPARTMENT

THEY appeared in Moscow about three years ago. First there were three in the German Embassy; later two came to the Italian. They were young, clever, amusing, and all of them spoke English as though it was their native tongue. And more than that, they had plenty of small talk, American and British small talk. They seemed to have little to do in their own offices, and could always be free for some outing. They were directed mainly to young men in the American Embassy.

When Bullitt opened our embassy in the Soviet Union, he stocked it with handpicked men. They were not at all the average in the career-diplomatic service. Most of them had something of the adventurer about them; some were liberal in sympathies; some even professed Socialism. They were the gay and somewhat rakish type Bullitt liked to have around him. When I first went to Moscow, about a year after the establishment of diplomatic relations between the United States and Soviet Russia, all of them disapproved of fascism and liked Russia. If they weren't actually in sympathy with what was going on there, they found it exciting. Their only trouble was that they found their social life somewhat limited.

And it was the social life of the small community of younger diplomats in Moscow that the Nazis and Italians went to work to enliven. They became popular with young embassy wives who had trouble finding extra men to sit next to American girls who were with Intourist. They were on call for parties of all sorts; they organized excursions and picnics to out-of-the-way places. They seemed to have unlimited money to spend on entertaining, and they did it up brown. Each weekend they were to be seen at the American Embassy *datcha,* or country cottage, and here they made excellent tennis and bridge partners, and were always the life of the party. At first they scrupulously kept politics out of the conversation. They were just gay youngsters, ostensibly out for a good time.

As time went on, I have been told by one member of the embassy, they began to let slip here and there first criticisms of Russia, subtle and clever ones, based on the various prejudices of their new friends, and then, as these began to take root, comparisons with the supposed glories of the Third Reich. They found an ally in the White-Guard Latvian wife of the counselor of the American Embassy, Henderson, and getting more bold, they began a systematic propagandizing for German and Italian fascism. It was so well done that most of the Americans were never conscious of it.

These young men, particularly the Germans, had one ace weapon, and only when they had become boon companions with the Americans did it begin to come into play. Although little publicized and, by gentlemanly agreement, seldom mentioned, one of the main jobs of consulates and embassies has always been to gather and collate information—economic, political, and social. This is not necessarily espionage. In the embassies of democratic countries it parallels the work of foreign correspondents. Until recently when, "for some unknown reason," connected with the purge, it had to be curtailed, the Germans had an intelligence service organized in the Soviet Union on an almost unprecedented scale. These young men, therefore, had facts and figures to which the Americans had no access, and by a careful use of them they increased their influence, gained confidence.

By the time I returned to Moscow this last winter the opinions of our young diplomats there had completely changed. They were openly stating their approval of Hitler and Mussolini. I even heard one of them suggest that we ought to have something similar in the United States. Some were overt partisans of Franco in Spain, and they talked of "lousy, Red dogs" on the loyalist side. The young Nazis and fascists had been successful.

In China I have seen evidences of the same definite policy, only there the amusing young Germans were more successful among the members of the British Embassy. Mainly because of the particular character of the Americans in Peiping and Nanking, the more-British-than-the-British Baron von Plessen became intimate only with a few clerks connected with attachés' offices. In Tokyo, however, I have been given to understand that the same system has been in operation, with almost as great success as has been achieved in Moscow. To a lesser degree it is, I am told, being tried out in Australia, and probably other places. Perhaps it accounts for the views on the Spanish embargo held by such men as the former consul-general in Sydney, J. Pierrepont Moffat, now chief of the European Division in the State Department.

It is, perhaps, of no particular importance to America or to Germany and Italy that seven, eight, or twenty young Americans are won over to fascism. Yet these particular Americans are what Germany is after, for they, insignificant though some of them may be, are continually reporting to the State Department. They are a part of the vast body of advice that forms the basis of our foreign policy.—DUNCAN STUART.

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THE MILK RACKET

3-8-11 Is the Deadly Formula

LEM HARRIS

THREE-EIGHT-ELEVEN is the formula that controls the living standards of dairy farmers who surround every metropolitan area in the country. Three cents a quart to the farmer plus eight cents a quart to the milk distributor: eleven—or more—cents a quart for the consumer. While variations do occur in some milksheds, the general proportion holds. And the formula adds up to bankruptcy for the dairy farmer whose costs are over five cents a quart, overcharge to the consumers, and immense profits to the monopolistic milk trust. As a result, there is serious under-consumption of milk throughout the nation.

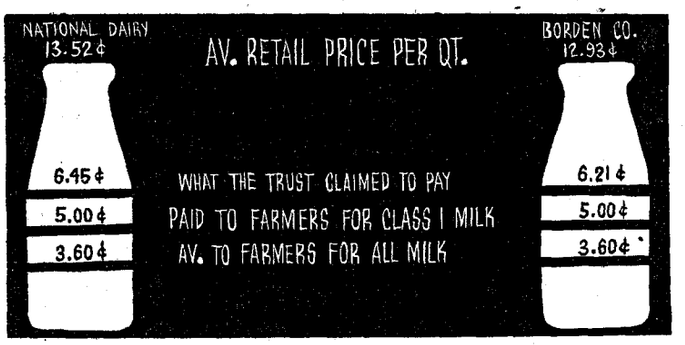
The designers of this 3-8-11 straitjacket, which is fastened on farmers and consumers alike, are the monopolists, whose only consideration is profiteering. In addition, farmers' cooperatives, health departments, school boards, and state milk-boards help to keep the straitjacket on the victims. In no agricultural field has monopoly control worked out a smoother machine than in the case of the marketing of dairy products.

To understand how the monopolies get away with it demands some knowledge of the average dairy farmer's life. The dairyman's daily routine, twelve to fourteen hours a day, seven days a week, 365 days a year, would appall the average city person. The line of cows in the barn must be milked every morning and evening; an hour's divergence from the routine would find the stock setting up a loud complaint. Besides, maintenance of high milk-production demands an unvarying routine.

The schedule of farms shipping whole milk to the cities is keyed to the hour when the milk truck passes the lane or when the milk train leaves the station. Before that hour—usually between six and eight in the morning—the herd must be driven in from the night pasture and milked, and the milk cooled.

Low prices for milk have tended to force dairymen to increase the size of their herds to the maximum that a family can handle. As a result, women and children must help with the barn chores and field work. And, too, because commercial feed is so expensive, farmers try to raise nearly all the grain and roughage required by the herd. The family rents extra corn and hay land, and struggles to keep up with a staggering load of work. Yet, despite their heroic efforts, the dairymen find themselves engulfed in bankruptcy as rapidly as other farmers.

Superficially, one would expect milk to be the one farm-produce that the farmers could control to the extent of getting their cost of production. It is perishable, it is marketed daily, and usually the dairymen are in fairly close contact with the city consumers. But one looks in vain for even one example of a thoroughly organized milkshed cooperating with the trade-union movement and consumers' organizations for mutual protection against the profiteering milk trust. No such milkshed exists in the United States today.



Farm Research, Inc.

The two giant milk companies, National Dairy Products and the Borden Company, have seen to it that the dairymen of every metropolitan milkshed are enrolled in a carefully controlled cooperative which concerns itself with the company's profits and not with the welfare of the farmer members who patronize it. Every milkshed has its closely supervised Milk Producers Association: the Dairymen's League in New York State, the Interstate Milk Producers Association which serves Philadelphia and Trenton, the Pure Milk Association in Chicago, and the Twin City Milk Producers Association in Minneapolis and St. Paul. Though dairymen ship their milk to various distributors, they receive their checks, less a checkoff, from the Cooperative Producers Association. The association, in a key position to withhold its charge of five to twenty cents a hundred pounds before paying the farmer, supposedly bargains with the milk distributors for the best possible price for the farmers.

Actually no cooperative association sincerely attempts to expose the profiteering of the milk trust. Instead, officers of these associations busy themselves with inconsequentials—or often with openly reactionary campaigns—while they cynically count on the lack of organization among the thousands of farmers as protection against farm revolts. For example, when the dairymen of upper New York State went on strike against the Borden and Sheffield companies, the Dairymen's League ran full-page strikebreaking advertisements in the press, picturing a cute baby crying, "I want my milk." These advertisements went on to attack the striking dairymen for their "subversive" activity, in terms worthy of Tom Girdler.

More recently, the associations gratuitously took upon themselves the mission of opposing Roosevelt's wages-and-hours measure. Officials spoke at farmers' conventions, falsely implying that good wages would mean lower farm prices. Especially active was the National Cooperative Council, representing all dairymen's associations. Much publicity appeared in its name, informing the world that "three million organized dairy farmers were unanimous in their opposition to the wages-and-hours bill."

Of course, the three million dairy farmers were never consulted. They are the farmers whose only assurance of a steady market is their ability to ship through the cooperative associations; and this gives the officials the excuse of speaking in the name of this large section of the farm poulation.

The associations contribute to the dairymen's plight in many other ways. For example, shippers of fluid milk are usually paid a "blended price." Theoretically this represents the proportion of milk sold as milk and cream and the proportion used for other products. The price of the proportion used for fluid purposes is known as the "basic price," and is considerably higher than the price paid for the manufactured products—known as the "surplus price." At present, dairymen must accept the association's word that a certain percentage of their milk went for basic purposes and the rest for surplus. Investigations of sample milksheds have shown that the associations make a practice of favoring the larger and richer farmers by giving them a greater percentage of the basic price, and balance this by giving the remaining farmers a proportionately smaller percentage of the basic price. This widespread grievance has caused dairy groups in different parts of the country to demand a fixed price for the milk delivered to the shippers.

Other grievances include the use of part of the farmers' checkoff for advertising milk—thus saving the milk trust that expense. Moreover, widespread dissatisfaction exists with regard to the accuracy of butterfat and bacteria tests. One of the duties of the milk associations is to check the accuracy of these tests. In view of their records of full col-

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laboration with the milk trust in all other matters, it is natural that the farmers should doubt the accuracy of the association's checkup.

Dairymen also have a legitimate grievance against city boards-of-health which have framed regulations so as to prevent the competition of local farmers' cooperatives trying to build distribution routes. Every dairyman recognizes the necessity of ensuring the purity of the milk supply; but each strongly suspects that the increasing number of requirements may well be designed to force him out of business and thus benefit the large producer. After years of sanitary production, dairymen in the Pennsylvania milksheds were suddenly ordered to separate that section of the barn where horses were kept from the section housing cows. In many instances this meant expensive remodeling of the barn arrangement.

A glaring example of abuse to which the Dairy Association paid no attention was the overcharging of Philadelphia children in public-school cafeterias. The Teachers Union, concerned over the undernourishment of a large number of children, found that public-school cafeterias were charging five cents for a half-pint of milk. Protests from the union and a public hearing forced authorities to drop the price one cent per half-pint. Even though the price was still two cents too high, consumption immediately increased. A fair charge for a half-pint of milk delivered in large quantities would be two cents. Apparently it does not concern the Dairy Association that a cut in the price to consumers would greatly enlarge the farmers' market.

Their setup has allowed the milk trust to make unbelievable profits throughout the depression years. An inquiry by Secretary Wallace in 1934, combined with an official study of milk consumption in sixty American cities, showed that the consumption of milk was from 30 to 60 percent below the requirement of an adequate diet. Between 1929 and 1933, the giant milk companies in the four milksheds of Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, and St. Louis made an average profit on their net plant-investment of 26 percent a year.

When these figures were published by the United States Department of Agriculture, the milk trust countered with a publicity blast which attempted to prove that their profit was a microscopic part of their investment. Large advertisements appeared, making these claims. But Washington officials knew that the bookkeeping of the milk trust was based almost wholly on watered stock. Example after example was cited of the Borden Company or National Dairy Products taking over a formerly independent milk company, and immediately issuing a large amount of additional stock without in any way changing or improving the actual plant facilities. Obviously such manipulation was for the purpose of hiding profiteering.

More recently the attorney general of New York State, John J. Bennett, has charged that the milk trust is putting out "misleading" propaganda in order to conceal "substantial" profits. He reports:

> At the present prices, the percentages of profit on sales are as follows: grade B milk at retail, 13 percent; advertised brands of grade B milk at wholesale, 16 percent; grade A milk at retail, 21 percent; and grade A, vitamin D milk at retail, 27 percent.

Bennett assailed the Borden Company's claim that "for every dollar you spent for Borden's milk" the company lost $1.02, and the statement of the Sheffield Farms Co., a subsidiary of National Dairy Products, that its profits averaged less than one-eighth of one cent per quart. He pointed out that, being subsidiaries, their "statements are utterly meaningless," since profits are easily shifted from one unit to another through inner-company sales or other devices.

In its advertisements Borden claimed to be paying the farmers 48.1 percent of the selling price, or 6.21 cents per quart. But Bennett found that Borden paid the farmers "considerably less than five cents per quart." The farmers, however, do not get even five cents a quart on all their milk, but only on that part sold as fluid or class-one milk. On the average, farmers of the New York milkshed have been receiving 3.6 cents a quart for all milk sold to the distributors.

Not only can the charge of profiteering at the expense of the people's health be substantiated, but it can also be shown that present milk-distribution methods are very wasteful. Recently the United States Department of Agriculture conducted a careful study of actual milk-distribution costs in Milwaukee, comparing them with the cost of a centrally operated pasteurizing and distributing plant. The results showed that the average cost of twenty companies distributing milk in Milwaukee at the present time is 3.3 cents per quart. A unified distribution system would cut this cost in half, to 1.65 cents per quart for processing, selling, administration, and delivery to store and home. The government study concludes that under efficient conditions of distribution, consumers could be charged at least two cents less per quart, farmers could be given a substantial increase, and the plant would still be able to show a good return.

This and similar studies have demonstrated that the 3-8-11 formula can be transformed into 6-3-9 or even, under more favorable circumstances, 6-2-8 (six cents to the farmer, two cents to the distributor, and eight cents for the consumer). To realize this possibility, many groups have been stirred into action. One objection encountered from a source other than the milk trust has been lodged by the Milk Drivers Union. Their business agents have expressed the fear that tampering with the interlocking milk-delivery routes will result in throwing drivers out of work. Those studying the problem assert that, with the fall in the price of milk to consumers, the increase of consumption will increase the need for milk drivers. Furthermore, savings in distribution costs will include shortening the unreasonably long work-day of the drivers, who average

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TO THE C.I.O. MAN WHO WANTS POETRY

Lectures, debates, symposiums
Tell them what poetry should be.
The literary bugles, drums
Forever sound disunity
Of style and surface emphasis.
They ask—where does the poem end
And propaganda start? But this
Is like a question to a friend
Whose dreams and practical resolves
Cannot be separated—life,
Condensed in poetry, revolves
To wrench a cleaner world from strife.

Our beauty must be sympathy
And laughter, indignation fused
With touch of hatred, irony,
Defending those who have been used
And crippled by the sneering few,
The veiled few. Propaganda blends
Into this job, like breath for new,
Broad remedies and solid ends.
A labor-strike could never gain,
Arguing tactics, exact phrase
Forever—relatively plain,
Keeping our individual ways
Of writing, we must strip the foe.

We cannot endlessly discuss.
The devils press, if we are slow
We will be snared by fascist truss.
But what can poets write about,
If they have never caught the ring
In union-meetings, joined the stout
Retort of rally, picketing?
And sometimes in the simple homes
Of workers, poets can obtain
More than a shelf of brilliant tomes
Would bring them—more of life and pain.
Not generalities alone,
Not always thoughtful window-sill,
But first-hand knowledge of the bone
And stress—this, too, must bolster skill
In words and rhythms. Problems reach
And life is quick, involved, and rude.
No man can find insight and speech,
Stroking his wounds in solitude.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM.

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about nine hours and frequently work extra time collecting delinquent bills.

The government studies show that at present there may be as many as fifteen different companies serving the same apartment house. Many drivers have a route of sixty miles a day which, under a unified system, could easily be shortened to a maximum of twenty miles.

The American Labor Party has committed itself to this policy by advocating that New York City build and operate a municipal pasteurizing plant that will serve as a model for the industry. So far, the Progressive Party of Wisconsin (the state that leads the nation in milk production) and the Farmer-Labor Party of Minnesota (the state that leads in butter production) have failed to curb the milk racket. Since no other farm product so vitally concerns such a large part of the population, the political importance of a fight against milk profiteering should become one of the crusades of a democratic front. In such a fight, the farmer, the organized workers, and the consumers can be united to defeat monopoly and the reaction that supports it.

WHAT N.L.R.B. HAS DONE

I MAKE no claim for perfection of administration by the National Labor Relations Board. Its members are human beings and so are its agents. I do claim that every external criterion indicates that it has functioned creditably. Its record of favorable decisions from the courts has been good. In every case before it the Supreme Court has reversed the decisions of the Circuit Courts which were unfavorable to the board. In a period of thirty-one months the board has issued 684 decisions, unquestionably the greatest volume of work ever turned out in a similar period of time by any quasi-judicial agency. In the first thirty months of its existence it had avoided the expense and time of formal hearings by achieving settlements "out of court" of 5,404 cases, or 51.4 percent of the cases disposed of in that period. As a most constructive contribution to industrial peace it has held elections in more than a thousand situations in which one or more labor organizations were seeking to represent workers in collective bargaining. Over 400,000 workers participated in these elections. A study made some little time ago showed that in the vast majority of cases after an election had been held the employer entered into contractual relations with the winning union. The board has brought about the reinstatement of nearly 9,255 men alleged to have been discriminatorily discharged. By its actions 178,693 workers have been reinstated after a strike or lockout. It has settled 1,147 strikes involving 185,871 workers and averted 543 threatened strikes involving nearly 150,000 workers. — EDWIN S. SMITH, *of the NLRB, speaking before the Second Convention of the United Office and Professional Workers, at the Burlington Hotel, Washington, D. C., Sat., May 21, 1938.*

Readers' Forum

Billy Sunday Methods

TO NEW MASSES: Frankly, I do not like the article, "Why I Am Not an Active Communist," in the May 17 issue. I even feel angry at the editor that let such an article be published in NEW MASSES. For who wants to pay his hard-earned dollars for such neurotic dribble?

First of all, I feel that the author is baiting us. Which must be good bait, as I am nibbling on it. He merely wants to find out why all the readers of NEW MASSES are not Communists, and he is taking this method of goading them into making a decision. Much like the insincere methods the old revivalists used to get "converts" to come to the altar. Fish in the crowd and catch a lot of suckers, hoping to catch one fish really edible.

Now, me—I have always been a sucker—so I don't count. I always went to the altar every time the preacher waxed really enthusiastic, as I could hardly bear to see the poor man make such an eloquent appeal and then have no one respond. But after a lot of experience in responding to appeals, I have begun to resent, for the real fish, these nets that ought to catch only us suckers. Eventually all of us suckers got so disgusted with the evangelist taking advantage of the good people that we created a public opinion against "getting saved." Now he doesn't try any more, for recent experience has shown him that he will get only the neurotics and the emotionally unstable. Which is a shame, because there were a lot of bewildered and hard-pressed real folks who could have received a great deal of bolstering up from a sincere religion.

Having lived through the age when folks got some emotional satisfaction and release out of their religion, I object to having the comfort of radical politics taken away from us poor devils. Most of us are still smarting from the beating that the Billy Sundays gave us, so that we are "gun shy." We can recognize the signs of emotional exploitation miles away.

As long as a person is allowed to have a little emotional privacy, there is a lot of comfort in being a radical. I remember the first time I ever got hold of the *Communist Manifesto,* and read it. I was so scared of holding something marked "Communist" in my hand that I shut the door to my bedroom, though there wasn't another soul in the house with me. But when I read this thing written so long ago, and felt the rightness of its statements, I was tingling all over. All my life I had heard returned missionaries tell about some young man out in India, who came from a prominent family much opposed to Christianity. Then by chance this intelligent young man got hold of a copy of the New Testament, and he was so impressed by what he read—by the obvious rightness of it—that he defied his family, was disinherited, and became one of the pillars of the Christian movement in that country. I had always felt, when I heard this story, that smug, complacent feeling that you have when you belong to the right set, the winning school, or the best sorority—all of us church members belonging to a sect that had such power over the poor heathens.

But when I read this *Communist Manifesto* I felt suddenly what the young man felt: the terrible truth and rightness of what he read. There are, of course, two reactions to such an experience. Usually it is that of the rich young ruler who, challenged by Jesus, went away sorrowing, "for he had great possessions." Mostly, of course, that is why we are not Communists. That practically is the reason which this ghost writer makes your author take. The author would not sneer at himself in any such manner. He would justify himself. This ghost writer makes the author say the things which he thinks are the reason most folks are not Communists. They have "possessions." They are afraid they might lose.

But that is not the reason why I am not a Communist. So there the ghost writer got fooled for once. It happens that I am a doctor. And part of being a doctor is to watch people die. Not always as a result of your mistakes. But folks do die, and before they die they usually have a doctor. So no matter how good a doctor you are, you do see quite a bit of dying. Of course if you see too much, you don't stay a doctor long, so that takes care of those facetious remarks you were about to make. And one sees a lot of these rich young rulers, after they have lived with their possessions all their lives and are about to die. It usually takes them a couple of years to get something and die of it, so the doctor gets quite well acquainted with them and their outlook before the end comes.

Anyway, for one doctor, I am much impressed with the fact that everyone has to die. And by the fact that most people die for nothing. In fact they live for nothing. And when they die, they accomplish nothing the second time. I think that the author (anonymous—the ghost writer thinks that adds to the realness of his fictitious writer) will drink the cup of futility to the very dregs. Nothing is quite so pathetic as to see a person die who once saw a dream but did not have the courage to follow it. The only folks who get any fun out of the superficial round of superficial living are the ones who, though tired to death of it, never heard of anything else. They are like children, who put up with things in their homes and with their parents because they think that that is the way all parents act. No experience, you see, with parents.

But there are other reasons why I am not a Communist. It is not altogether fear; though no one can live through all the Red-baiting which we grow up in, and not have some hair stand up on the back of one's neck about Communists. After all, the great viewers-with-alarm make us think that it is a socially delinquent thing to consider —much like stealing your neighbor's automobile if you happen to feel like taking a little ride. And if one is fairly normal and not inclined to be a rebel against society, it's a rash step to take.

In fact, it is almost like a "conversion." I know, for I was "converted" to Socialism once. I had heard a man, who was the most interesting speaker I had ever heard, talk on Socialism. You see, what he had to say was bigger than he was. That is always an interesting thing to encounter. And I got interested in reading some on Socialism. Finally I went to a "Social Action Conference." I took two friends along, and we went in as "seekers."

This conference was a unique experience to us all. They spent the first day showing the breakdown of the capitalist system. That was an eye-opener to us, and we swallowed everything in big gulps. Then the next day they got to talking about the "cooperative" society. One got the impression that there was some stalling going on, and not being able to locate it, I finally got up and said, "If this cooperative society you are talking about is Socialism, why do you not call it Socialism, and if it isn't, what is the difference and why?"

I learned afterward that I might as well have

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exploded a bomb. There was a man there whom they were hoping to get some money out of for some enterprise, and he was timid on this word "Socialism." It seemed he thought it was just too, too radical. So the rest of the hour was spent by person after person getting up to say, "I believe in Socialism, but—" Then the next one would say, "Now, I am not a Socialist, but I believe that the principles, etc.—" After which another pussyfooter got up to say, "We are not trying to make you join the Socialist Party."

In fact, even a novice like myself could see that for some reason the crawfish were having a convention. But after all the crawfish had testified, a man stood up and said, "By the way, I just wanted to say I am a Socialist. I belong to the Socialist Party. And if anyone would like to join, I have here in my pocket some application blanks for membership." Believe it or not, after the meeting I looked this man up, and asked him for a membership application blank. He and his henchmen were so far above the crawfish that they were not in the same kettle at all. And I thought I would like the flavor better.

The point of all this "sharing" is that I felt what we used to feel after we had been converted. I was no longer one of these "believers-in-Socialism-but" folks; I belonged. If anyone asked me right out if I was a Socialist, I was compelled to say, "Yes." And the thrill of standing up to your convictions is something that these folks who slide around on their "buts" ought to realize. They would stand up and walk on their feet for a change.

But that still is not the reason why I am not a Communist. This is like the man who asked the way to Smith's. The bystander said, "Do you see that big white house over there? Well, that is not the place." This is not the reason. But it is the evolution of a reason.

Several months after my "conversion" to Socialism, when I could say, "I am a Socialist, not a Communist," and feel quite radical without being too dangerous, after several months of that, one day through the mail came a copy of NEW MASSES. I had never seen or touched anything actually Communistic before. But being addicted to reading my mail, I opened it before I knew what it was, and read it from cover to cover. Then I went out in the kitchen and carefully put it in the stove.

Listen, Mr. Editor, did you ever dive off into cold water? Have you any idea what a sudden dose of NEW MASSES does to a person? Have you any idea how horrible the cartoons in your paper are? You should be careful, for there may be folks who can't take it.

It happened that this NEW MASSES was not coming to me, but to my sister who was in New York and coming home, so she had had her paper transferred. It was several weeks before she arrived so I read each copy carefully, and then meticulously burned it. When she arrived the first thing she said was, "Hasn't my NEW MASSES been coming?" She said this right out loud, right in front of the family. Then it dawned on me that it was not some bastard Communist who had gotten my name from the Socialists, but her paper that I had been reading and burning for three weeks. It seemed she had been reading it for months, and obviously was still out of jail.

This gave me great courage. So after that I began to read NEW MASSES openly, to lend it to my friends, and to sometimes get one to subscribe for it. Once a couple of us chipped in and sent a three months' subscription to a woman in a neighboring town who wrote to a contributors' column in the daily paper, complaining about Roosevelt being a Communist. We thought maybe she ought to find out first hand what a Communist sounded like, so we sent her the paper. I always wondered if she had it stopped after she had read it a while, or if she renewed the subscription.

And life has been one sweet song. All harmony and melody. Now, this dastardly editor comes along asking, "How come all the readers of NEW MASSES aren't Communists?" What is the matter? Do you have to see results? Aren't you a believer in the potency of your message? To quote scripture at you again, do you remember the story of the devils which were possessing a man who lived at the edge of the city? And when they saw Jesus coming, they begged him to let them alone or, if he wouldn't do that, to command them to go into the swine. So he did, and the swine were so astonished that they ran down the hill and drowned in the sea. I don't suppose we would have had this story preserved to us, except for the fuss that was made by the man who lost his pigs.

Anyhow, why can't you let us alone? What difference does it make to you why we are not Communists? We read your damned paper, don't we? We send you money to keep you out of hock, don't we? What's eating you?

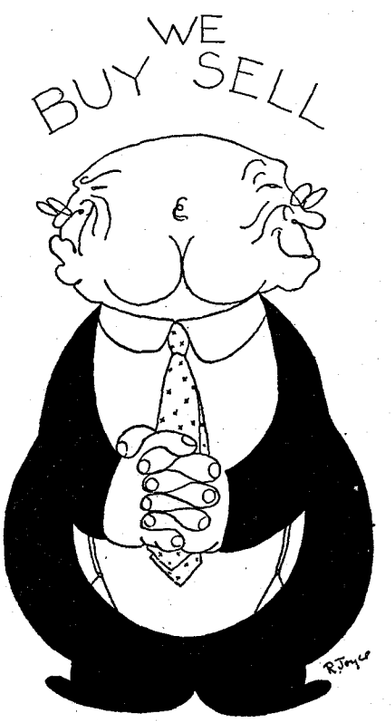
F. P.

Life Enriched

TO NEW MASSES: My wife and I were faced with a similar dilemma. Would the rigors of party activity mean the sacrifice of satisfying evenings at home, stimulating social contacts, and occasional theaters, concerts, and lectures? There were other considerations, too. We were quite appalled at the necessity, so we thought, of strict conformity to the party "line" in all our political judgments, to the exclusion of an independent, critical attitude. Finally, there was the "lack of respectability" of being a Communist. Social stigma means nothing to courageous and principled persons, yet we doubted our own capacity to face it.

Intellectual convictions and an overpowering emotional compulsion finally resolved our conflicts. We both joined—but with misgivings. . . . We have found that although we now perhaps spend fewer evenings at home, they are more satisfying. For one thing our reading has developed new perspectives. We enjoy much that formerly we "just never got around to read." Even the *Daily Worker,* which used to get only a rare and rather bored perusal, now is read eagerly every day. We know, almost instinctively, that party membership has given to our reading a new meaning and vitality.

With a deepening understanding of the party, its work and objectives, has come a fuller enjoyment of our evenings with friends. We feel that we have become more stimulating to them and at the same time more eager to communicate to them our ideas and feelings. As a result, our own social life has been enriched. As for outside pleasures, we find that "benefits" for the party have a way of providing just those plays, concerts, and socials which fit in perfectly with our own esthetic standards.



Robert Joyce

Senseless Demands

TO NEW MASSES: He is not an active Communist because—according to his own testimony—he wants to preserve his individuality, keep his job, bring up his children properly, and have the leisure to read and converse with his wife. It is the first reason, set in the context of the entire article, that particularly interests me. The writer says, "I want to do only what *I* want to do, and only when I want to do it." This is almost funny, coming from a man who is afraid to participate in a political movement that engrosses his interest, because he might in consequence be deprived of his means of livelihood.

And how many other compulsions must the writer—or anyone else who, no matter how revolutionary his beliefs, must still submit to certain operations of the capitalist system—obey in his daily life? Does he "do what he wants to do" in his job? You can be pretty sure not. Does he bring up his children in exactly the way he wants to, free from any outside interference of schools, religion, or social customs? No—and I am willing to bet that not even those cherished evenings of reading and conversation are as unmarred by the consciousness of bourgeois compulsions as the writer would like to think. Why does he make this strong distinction between the capitalist and the Communist insistence on discipline? Because he does not take a thoroughly realistic look at his present life. If he did, he would find that the tyranny to which he now submits (because he takes it for granted) is far more cramping, and certainly a hundred times more senseless, than any demands that the party will ever make upon him.

He'll Join Later

TO NEW MASSES: One who has a family has indeed given hostages to fortune. I sympathize with the writer on that score, but I will not advise him; I will never advise, not knowing all the circumstances. In fact, if I thought the race would end with this generation I'd say, make no sacrifices—let the fascists have it. But the race won't end with this generation. Your family and my family and many other families may suffer now, but think of the millions of families who are going to live in perpetual suffering if some one does not act now. It all takes sacrifice. The fathers yet unborn are going to love their children as much as we love ours. It is for us to say whether they shall enjoy real freedom or live in the squalid feudalism that preceded the rise of democracy—and that accompanies it now in some places.

To adopt the same tactics that have brought disaster in the past would palpably neutralize the effect of my good intentions. I am going to do what I can secretly—contribute, organize, write—until I am fully prepared to take the final plunge. That, I estimate, will be within two years at the outside. From there on I intend to give it all I've got.

Read, Discuss, Criticize!

TO NEW MASSES: If there is a solution to the dilemma of a non-party Communist it lies in the necessity to engage in every activity in which the progress and advancement of the human family is a factor; to read *everything* (from NEW MASSES to your local newspaper); to discuss everything in which you and your friends are interested; and above all to "mercilessly criticize everything in existence" (Lenin). Even a cursory study of dialectics will enable us to find in advance the best method of overcoming as far as humanly possible any dilemma.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

A Letter from London

WHEN Theodore Draper asked me to write a monthly article for NEW MASSES, he said that the ordinary American was out of touch with recent developments in English writing. This, of course, goes for the ordinary Englishman vice versa. But a brief survey of these developments will, I hope, be interesting. I am a little nervous of launching on it; because, although in poetry and fiction our writers can hold their own with yours, the general level of criticism (and especially of book-reviewing) is very much lower in England than in America. There is far too much of the literary jargon which arises from mental slovenliness or exhaustion; while our left critics, who should be letting in some fresh air on the proceedings, are still a bit muscle-bound with quasi-Marxist rigidity and in general apt to be overawed by the importance of their task.

Of British writers, the most respected by their colleagues and the "intelligentsia" are Yeats (still putting up a spirited resistance from his ivory tower) and E. M. Forster, who has not published a novel since 1924. T. S. Eliot is admired, but less imitated than in the twenties; he is commonly considered our best critic. W. H. Auden is acknowledged leader of the younger school of poets (though it is, in fact, very far from being a school); while his collaborator in several verse-plays, Christopher Isherwood, is held to be our most promising young novelist. It should be remembered that there are in England a wider gulf and far more numerous gradations between "highbrow" and popular writing than in America; there must be hundreds of thousands of assiduous readers in this country who have never heard of—certainly never read—the five authors I have mentioned.

In the same way, it is impossible to talk about a predominant trend in our imaginative writing during the last ten years, particularly where fiction is concerned. There have been a number of cross-currents, and I will try to chart these now, taking fiction first. With James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Virginia Woolf, and Aldous Huxley, the great influences of the twenties, the territory of the novel was extended—but extended inward, not outward. This dictatorship of the subjective, created to a considerable extent by Freud and war-disillusionment, began to totter when the slump and the rise of European fascism compelled writers to look over their garden walls. The effect of these events was not to make our novelists more susceptible to European literary influences (the English novel's whole history is a triumph of insularity), but to divert some of their attention from the bed, the subconscious, and the drawingroom to the impact of unemployment, political and economic insecurity, upon the lives of ordinary people like themselves.

We can say, very roughly, that since 1930 the novel has broadened its social basis, has attempted to include not only personal relationships but the modifying of such relationships by the wider movements of society. This is only a rough reckoning, though. Many of our most popular and efficient novelists still write as though there was no war on, making hay with apparent light-heartedness long after the sun has ceased to shine. Even Elizabeth Bowen, our most brilliant and accomplished stylist, remains thoroughly wrapped up in her style and her intuitions. Rebecca West, who has been prominent in progressive activities, continues to write admirably but does not write very differently. Aldous Huxley, on the other hand, has been so profoundly affected by these precarious times that he has buried all his talents in the stony field of a mystical pacifism. It is, unfortunately for literary pigeon-holers, not true that a crisis separates the sheep from the goats: some of the writers we admire most have taken the right turning, some the wrong; that is all there is to it.

With the younger generation of novelists it is a different matter. Almost all of them who are worth considering have taken the impression of their times. Christopher Isherwood, with his Forsterian treatment of personal relationships, his extraordinary powers of observation and of conveying character through dialogue, has set his most recent studies against the background of pre-Nazi Berlin, and in the process has traveled miles forward from the neurotic, introverted, and acrid Isherwood of eight years ago. Arthur Calder-Marshall is another promising novelist whose writing has changed from the analytic and introverted toward synthesis and realism; his last novel, *Pie in the Sky,* is a notable experiment in the direction of showing a cross-section of society with interrelated levels. Jack Lindsay, another left-wing writer, has attempted the same thing, with considerable success, in his just-published historical novel, *1649.*

Woodcut by Dan Rico

Our novelists, most of whom still spring from the middle classes, suffer—to an extent that their American fellow-writers do not suffer—from the confined upbringing of that class; they have had little or no experience outside it, no living contact unless that of political activity with the working class, and in consequence their subject matter is severely limited. We have a number of rising proletarian novelists, though nothing that could yet be called a "proletarian school." It is to these—men like Ralph Bates, Simon Blumenfeld, John Sommerfield, James Hanley, V. S. Pritchett, Leslie Halward—that we look for the new realism: whether it will be in every case the kind of Socialist realism which Ralph Fox outlined in *The Novel and the People* remains to be seen. At least we can be thankful that these writers are writing of the life they know, a life which has never before been explored *from within* by English novelists.

It is partly this dearth of experience outside a class which they have now rejected that has turned two remarkable Communist writers to allegory. Rex Warner's *Wild Goose Chase* shows a strange blending of Swift and Fielding with Kafka, which has fluttered the left-wing critical dovecotes on both sides of the Atlantic. Edward Upward's *Journey To the Border,* considerably more Kafka-esque in manner, presents a more clearcut moral than *Wild Goose Chase* and has therefore been let off with a caution. This is not the place to chatter about the pros and cons of allegory. But, while admitting the potential danger of it, I can see no reason why it should abdicate in favor of realism—Socialist or otherwise;

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left-wing critics who condemn allegory both as a literary form and as a method of illuminating politico-social theory should be led gently by the hand up to such revolutionary allegories as *Erewhon, Gulliver's Travels,* and the parables of Jesus Christ.

In spite of plaintive bleatings from the critics of the center, it is not true that our novels are degenerating into political tracts; for the most part, the novelists have succeeded in integrating political implications with the human material of their stories. Not so, at first, the poets. The poetical movement which started about 1930 (the embattled front, as the spectators so erroneously conceived it, of Auden and his Boys) certainly led the leftward movement of writers in this country. But it also overloaded poetry with crude and ill-digested political content: the poets are now engaged in the business of assimilating this—or of throwing it up. The latter process is represented in the work of the post-Auden generation of poets, many of whom have turned to a modified surrealism: this reaction, though it can be accused of "escapism," is not to my mind as unhealthy as it might seem; these young writers are at least asking themselves the cardinal question—What is it that poetry can do which cannot be done better in some other medium? And we are spared, on the whole, that fashionable war-cry of the surrealist—"I am more Red than the Reds! I am the real revolutionist!"

Of the established younger poets, Auden has consolidated his position with *Look, Stranger,* showing all his old fertility of invention, vigor, and originality, together with a new lyric strain of which we had not suspected him: the raw, school-boyish satire of his earlier work has given place to an equally effective and more responsible utterance. There has been a certain amount of criticism of his action in accepting the King's medal for poetry—more of it, curiously enough (or perhaps not so curiously) in liberal-progressive than in Socialist circles; but the mutters of "just for a riband to stick in his coat" have remained muted in deference to his privileged position on the part of the intellectual snobs, while sensible people are thankful to have so powerful a writer in the anti-fascist camp—let his chest be three-deep in medals.

Auden's verse (and this is true for the general trend of verse here now) is growing steadily less obscure, more dependent upon regular rhyme and meter and more regular verse-forms such as that of the ballad. Spender is an exception to this. A most sensitive and true poet, he has found it necessary to get clear of the naive idioms of his early *Poems,* and in the process his verse has taken on complexity and a rather uncertain tone. His recently published and performed verse-play, *Trial of a Judge,* dramatizing the position of the liberal mind in a world of violent extremes, goes some but not all the way toward the solution of his problem. He is a professed Communist, but his inherited individualism makes him sit rather uneasily to the Communist movement and is reflected in his verse.

Another—and this time a self-confessed—individualist is Louis MacNeice. His collaboration with Auden in *Letters from Iceland,* together with his new volume of poems, has brought him up amongst the leaders. A tough, sardonic, colorful, colloquial style in verse, full of character, with an increasingly emphatic rhythm, makes him extraordinarily pleasant to read. He is perfectly well aware of the writer's and civilization's predicament today; but his classical education (he is a professor of classics in London) and his puritan-Irish blood incline him to fatalism, to a doctrine of predestination, almost. For one who is admittedly in a state of absolute despair, his verse is more vigorous and cheerful than one would have believed possible.

I must end this article with a brief reference to the new dramatic movement in England. A point was reached when our poets looked up from their recitation and found the room was empty. They decided that the mere satisfaction of doing the thing most natural to them—writing poetry—was not enough: they must become popular. They turned to the stage. Auden, a dramatic poet by nature, collaborated with Isherwood in several verse-plays which have had a limited, but none the less remarkable, popularity. Spender and MacNeice have also had plays produced. At the same time, our younger poets have interested themselves more and more in verse-speaking, declamation (a number of declamations in verse, on such subjects as Spain or the English tradition, have been produced by left-wing writers and organizations), and any means by which verse may be reinstated as a medium for getting at the heart of the masses. Verse-speaking societies and competitions flourish, some less dilettante than others.

Parallel with these developments, the Worker's Theatre in this country has been making great strides and deserves an article to itself. The Unity Theatre, the dramatic groups of the Left Book Club, and similar bodies are going strong: they have not yet thrown up any plays comparable with the best that the left-wing movement has produced in America, confining themselves for the most part to less ambitious, more overtly propagandist pieces. But the Unity Theatre's actual productions already rival those of the commercial theater in technical skill, and cannot fail to attract the more established writers into their orbit. I hope to discuss the *political* groupings and activities of such writers next month. Till then, good-bye.

C. Day Lewis.

Woodcut by Helen West Heller

The Man Against Death

The Fight for Life, *by Paul de Kruif. Harcourt, Brace & Co., $3.*

Paul de Kruif is a fighter, has been a fighter all his life. For many years he fought bacilli in the laboratory. He fought abuses and injustice wherever he found them. In a series of highly popular books, translated in many languages, he dramatized the life and work of the *Microbe Hunters,* the *Hunger Fighters,* and *Men Against Death.* Unlike other writers, de Kruif grew with every book he wrote. He came to realize that scientific conquests are not enough, that the results of science have to be applied in order to bear fruit. The more we know about the cause and mechanism of disease, the better prepared we are for prevention and cure. But knowledge is one thing, and its application is another. To apply scientific knowledge on any large scale costs money, a great deal of money, more than most people can possibly spend, so that health becomes a luxury that few people can afford, and as a result one-third of the population of this wealthy country is not only ill-housed, ill-fed, and ill-clothed, but also ill-cared-for in case of sickness.

What gives Paul de Kruif his tremendous persuasive power is that he has the faculty to boil over, to raise his fist and bang the table when he sees the stupidity of existing conditions, when he becomes aware of the endless amount of unnecessary suffering and of the many thousands of premature deaths. He cannot hold his temper when he sees the blood and tears shed by the working class because human greed and human folly deprive them of the health to which they are entitled. Yes, entitled. We all know that today the chief cause of disease is poverty, and if we are not able to guarantee every citizen a job and a decent standard of living, we are collectively responsible for the chief cause of disease, and the least we can do is make the means for the preservation and restoration of health available to all.

Take our South: de Kruif tells us that in the chicken-in-every-pot days of 1928 and 1929 at least seven thousand Americans died yearly of pellagra, a disease that causes red rash on hands and necks, leads to nervous

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weakness, gnawing indigestion, and in many cases to demented death. A cure was devised by Dr. Joseph Goldberger of the United States Public Health Service. It was simple enough. Yeast, cheap yeast, was the remedy that cured the patients in six weeks, and hundreds of thousands of pounds of yeast were fed to the people. Still, in 1935, "which is the last year of record, this preventable and curable plague killed at least three thousand citizens, black and white. And, for every human being dying of it, you can find thirty-five others, miserable, unable to do a decent day's work to eke out what is, with a pretty euphemism, called their living." Why this? Because the real cause of pellagra is starvation. And is it not stupid and a terrific waste to let people starve and develop the disease, then feed them yeast until they recover, then let them starve again and develop the many other diseases resulting from starvation? Would it not be better medicine to secure a decent standard of living for them? The problem is clear but there are still people who believe that the best solution of the sharecroppers' problem is to let them starve.

Pellagra is the prologue of de Kruif's book in which the problem is set. In four parts, four major aspects of the fight for life are discussed dramatically and convincingly, beginning with the beginning: the fight for the life of mothers. More than fifteen thousand mothers die in our country with childbirth the direct cause of their death. Hundreds of thousands are incapacitated as a result of childbearing and more than 85,000 babies die while being born. Again the question arises: is this holocaust necessary? The answer is an emphatic no. Medical science has means to save the mothers' lives and to deliver healthy babies. What is needed is plenty of good obstetricians so that women will not be delivered by neighbor women or untrained midwives. Further needed are separate, safe, special maternity hospitals to prevent infections, and in case a woman had been infected previously, all the means to treat such cases should be easily available. The Chicago Maternity Center, opened in 1932, has demonstrated graphically what can be done to deliver mothers safely. It was able to reduce the death-rate from six to less than one in every thousand and "9,370 mothers have been delivered in succession without one mother dying from childbed fever." We know what can be done, not only theoretically but as a result of practical demonstrations. Why, then, isn't it done? Because maternity hospitals are expensive. Because it costs money to train competent obstetricians and many of them could not make a living under the present competitive system.

Infantile paralysis is a disease that has not yet learned to respect class barriers. It attacks wealthy and poor without discrimination. It should, therefore, be easier to raise the funds required to fight the disease than it is in other cases. As a matter of fact, a foundation, the Infantile Paralysis Foundation, has been organized by President Roosevelt, and if it can secure sufficient funds, there is some chance that the disease will be less terrifying in future epidemics. Until very recently the disease was a most uncanny enemy because its real nature and mode of attacking were unknown. De Kruif gives a vivid account of how scientists succeeded in transmitting the disease to apes so that it could be studied in experiments and how a method was devised that promises to protect children against infection. A solution of zinc sulphate is sprayed on the mucous membranes of the nose and in such way a barrier is erected against the virus. The method still has to stand the test of a major epidemic, but should such a calamity occur the Foundation would provide means so that all threatened children could be sprayed by competent physicians. It is needless to say that a great deal of additional research still has to be done.

The reduction in the death-rate of tuberculosis is considered a great triumph of American medicine. Justly so. The death-rate was two hundred for every 100,000 inhabitants in 1904 and dropped to 55.6 in 1936, which, of course, is a considerable reduction. Nevertheless, tuberculosis still is one of the most frequent causes of death, especially of younger individuals. Tuberculosis breeds in slums and attacks particularly such people whose standard of living is low. This is why tuberculosis is so frequent among Negroes and why its treatment has largely to be done on public funds. It costs the taxpayer an average of $4,061 to treat a tubercular patient. The sum of $76,000,000 is spent annually for sanatorium and hospital care, and it has been estimated that the yearly loss of life and loss of wages amounts to about $600,000,000. One need not be a great economist to figure out that it would be infinitely cheaper to prevent than to cure the disease. Slum clearance, the creation of decent living and working conditions would soon eliminate tuberculosis. This, however, obviously takes time. But there is a relatively simple way of saving money here and now by catching the patients in the initial stage of the disease and treating them immediately before they can spread the contagion. The city of Detroit undertook such a very promising experiment in which Paul de Kruif had an active part. Banking was mixed with bacteriology. The health commissioner, Vaughan, called a meeting of big financial magnates and told them that "the city allowed him only twelve cents per capita to fight tuberculosis, to spot new death-spreading cases. He showed them that it cost the city $1.66 per capita to keep TB victims in its TB hospitals. He asked them would it be sense for the city to allow the TB-fighters, say, thirty cents per capita, for a term of years, so that this $1.66 per capita cost within, let's say, ten years, would be cut in half." This was logic that nobody could resist. The funds were appropriated. The campaign started. Thousands of cases were spotted and treated. The Negroes responded particularly well. And there is no doubt that the tuberculosis death-rate of Detroit will be reduced considerably and that the taxpayer will be saved a great deal of money. Detroit's example, how-

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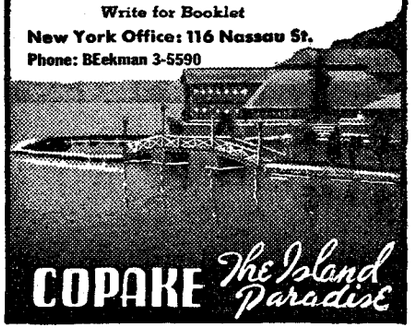

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ever, has not yet been followed by any other city.

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In order, within a generation, to drive the $600,000,000 of annual waste toward zero?

The fourth part of the book is devoted to "the ghastly luxury," syphilis. Until a few years ago it was impossible to call the disease by its name publicly. The bourgeois attitude of considering the disease something to be ashamed of and not to be mentioned in good society still prevailed. And yet, whether we like it or not, we know that the disease is with us, destroying endless human lives and poisoning families. We have decided to fight it, to get rid of it as other countries have done before. Again the slogan is *uncover and treat.* Chicago went ahead in the campaign; other cities followed. Surgeon General Parran is leading the battle in person. It is too early to say what the results will be. The difficulties that have to be overcome are tremendous, but the way is clear for all.

In the last chapter, "The March of Life," de Kruif discusses a new drug, sulphanilamide, a red dye, chemical by-product that has revived old hopes of chemo-therapy. It is a substance that has the faculty of stopping the growth of bacilli so that the organism can get rid of them. One of the most deadly bacilli, the streptococcus, can be attacked successfully in such way. Childbed fever, erysipelas, blood poisoning caused by streptococcus, meningitis, and the other venereal disease, gonorrhea, can be cured by the new drug.

Paul de Kruif in his new book gives us a splendid picture of medical history which is being made before our eyes. He tells us the story of the devotion and enuthusiasm of many doctors. Who are these doctors, by the way? Mostly public health officers, or hospital doctors, salaried physicians, bureaucrats, are they not? The organized medical profession keeps repeating that medicine would be wrecked if the doctors had not the incentive of making money. The facts prove that the contrary is true. Almost all the great progress of medicine was brought about by men who, like Pasteur, Koch, John Billings, William H. Welch, Gorgas, Walter Reed, and so many others, did all their work in salaried positions. The fact they did not need to sell their services by the pound and did not need to worry about collecting bills, made them free to devote all their energies to the task.

De Kruif concludes his book with a statement of faith:

That the relief of suffering and the prevention of dying cannot be best served, for all, so long as there remains any money consideration between the people and the fighters for their lives.

This reporter believes that all considerations of private profit are not only wasteful but infamous if they frustrate the fight for life, if they deny the right of one human being to live.

It is to be hoped that the book will be published soon in a cheap edition so that it can be read by the millions, so that it may mobilize the people in the fight for life. This is what is needed most at the present time. We need a national health program, but we are not going to get it unless and until the people want it; until the millions raise their voice and demand a commonsense system of medical care.

HENRY E. SIGERIST.

The War's Orphan Generation

IN PRAISE OF LIFE, *by Walter Schoenstedt. Translated by Maxim Newmark. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50.*

IN most of the novels about the World War, one aspect has been relatively neglected, namely the war as it appeared to the children who could take no direct part in it, but who were tragically exposed to its ravages nonetheless, the war seen from the "naive" perspective.

The naive experience of the war is the theme of Walter Schoenstedt's *In Praise Of Life* (published simultaneously in German and English by the American publisher). Here the war is reflected through the childhood experiences of Peter Volkers, the son of a Berlin worker's family, who is only five years old when the war breaks out. The attempt to focus great social unheavals through the medium of the psychological reactions and the non-political consciousness of a young boy is daring. (Glaeser's *Class of 1902* is only an approximate precedent.) Schoenstedt uses a kind of cinematic technique that is peculiarly relevant to his subject. The novel presents rapidly changing scenes picturing the broken, disjointed character of this generation. Out of Schoenstedt's account emerges the stupor in which this young group hurried through the war, the inflation, and the Hitlerite propaganda.

However, the very youth Schoenstedt has chosen makes possible the presentation of other moods, the idyllic interludes and lyric moments of adolescence. When the war is over, and the miseries of inflation are heaped on top of a disorganized existence, Peter goes tramping with a friend to South Germany and to Switzerland. This part of the book well creates the adventurous in the post-war German youth movement, but also the nostalgia and *Weltschmerz* gnawing at the hearts of these working-class youngsters who are beginning to recognize the ambiguousness of their freedom. For these lads, wanderlust is

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invaded by the bitter feeling that no sheltered home is waiting for them, when they must return. These sections depict the fugitive nature of post-war German youth on the road.

The novel might be said to deal with a generation that was orphaned almost with birth. (Schoenstedt's narrative opens with Peter's father going off to war, and the mother beginning work in a factory.) Schoenstedt's youth is not lost or uprooted, only because it has never found itself, and has at no time known a home. What persuasion can this generation gather to fight against an enemy it never came to recognize? What concrete insights can it muster for setting the coordinates for communal planning? To be sure, the novel ends with Peter Volkers finding new hope in America. But Schoenstedt is forced to invoke a kind of Santa Claus, in the person of a well-to-do American friend. It is a fairy-tale conclusion that follows "naturally" enough from Peter's life, depicted as governed by brutal contingencies against which he was indeed helpless. For Peter Volkers' exile did not begin when he left Germany. He was homeless from childhood.

Still, as the title indicates, the novel has a positive undertone. Schoenstedt's book expresses faith in the final liberation of the German people, a liberation in which this generation will have its part. For, despite the fact that time and history have forced upon it an unheroic role, this youth has been "educated" in its way, and has been awakened to political consciousness. It has retained a strong, if tender, desire for freedom. This value was not killed, but remained stored up, awaiting an opportunity to be discharged. It is this humanity and yearning that Walter Schoenstedt's *In Praise Of Life* recreates in a prose that is carried by a lyrical rhythm, even as it paints the stark reality.

HARRY SLOCHOWER.

The Fight for Security

SOCIAL SECURITY, *by Maxwell S. Stewart. W. W. Norton & Co. $3.*

THE present economic crisis has reaccentuated the challenge of insecurity. Fifteen million unemployed and their families —President Roosevelt's one-third of the nation—have been dumped on the social scrapheap by Wall Street. They need protection from the main evil of capitalism, unemployment. They, and the rest of the people, need to be cushioned against the hazards of old age and sickness. The Social Security Act, a hesitating step toward solving the problem, is attacked by the Liberty Leaguers on the false ground that its destruction is necessary for prosperity. The fight for social insurance, it is clear, is far from being won as some liberals, two years ago, believed it was.

Maxwell S. Stewart, the well-known liberal writer on economic and social problems, has written an excellent book illuminating the background and perspectives of the security movement. It should be better known to all who endeavor to maintain and improve the present social-insurance system. Although written some time ago, the volume is especially pertinent today when the reactionaries are attacking relief and unemployment insurance.

Mr. Stewart has the happy knack of writing simply about technical topics, and of compressing a great array of facts into a persuasive and convincing argument. Although he says he has not attempted "a comprehensive survey," he has put the essentials of an enormous field within the confines of a short volume. His sound approach avoids the pitfalls of the actuarial fanatics, and the do-nothingness of the "objective" specialists. This puts him squarely in line with the program evolved in the struggle for relief and social insurance by the unemployed movement and the trade unions.

Students and workers will find valuable material in every chapter, especially those chapters in which Mr. Stewart tackles the long-range problems which will occupy public attention in the immediate future—the need for compulsory health-insurance, old-age pensions available to all sections of the population, adequate unemployment-insurance, and a national, integrated system of social insurance covering every hazard of capitalism.

His comments on all these problems are helpful, because he never loses sight of their roots—capitalism's inability to provide the necessities of life for an ever increasing percentage of the population. He points out that even when the average worker retains his health, youth, and employment, he is far from well off, "but let anyone of these slip away (and who can prevent it?) and he finds himself facing a struggle for mere existence."

Mr. Stewart sets a goal which is a fundamental plank in the program of the progressive movement. He urges "not mere protection against the risks of modern life," but a plan "embracing a consolidation of present gains and the establishment of a rich normal life." The struggle for this goal embracing the very right to live is the central question of our times. For the reactionaries, as demonstrated by the present sitdown strike of big money, are resisting even the inadequate measures of the Roosevelt administration. They are driving for the ragged individualism of reaction and fascism, and their attacks against relief, the WPA, and the Social Security Act are but one phase of their general campaign against the living standards and democratic rights of the people.

That is why Mr. Stewart should have emphasized the need of implementing the fight for security with the united political action of all the progressive forces. The struggle for security is inextricably bound up with the defense of democracy. Economic security is the basis for the preservation of democracy; in turn, democracy guarantees more security for the people. Both can be achieved through the

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DAVID RAMSEY.

No Quiet on the Labor Front

LABOR'S NEW MILLIONS, *by Mary Heaton Vorse. Modern Age Books. 50 cents.*

NO JOURNALIST in the United States is better qualified to write about the rise of the Committee for Industrial Organization than Mary Heaton Vorse. In twenty years of labor struggles she has seen the repeated failures of craft unionism and labor's demand for industrial unions that would not be afraid to organize the unskilled and the semi-skilled.

Covering the steel strike of 1919, Mrs. Vorse did everything that a labor journalist could possibly do—and more—to help the strikers win. She saw that splendid struggle end in defeat, and she analyzed it in *Men and Steel.* Organizing then for the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America in Pennsylvania, she knew at first hand the hostility of state troopers, called into action by scared employers.

In Passaic, in 1926, she was on the job in support of the textile strikers. She tells about it in another small book, *Passaic.* Three years later it was Gastonia, and she was there, as her story, *Strike—A Novel of Gastonia,* testifies.

But the past two years have seen something new in the labor movement, a force swift, mighty, and unbeatable. Not one major strike in a year, but a dozen or more and in basic industries at the very center of big business itself. Union agreements in du Pont's own General Motors Corp. plants. "Whole communities of workers have been transformed." White-collar workers have organized. Even the most exploited agricultural workers are now in a union, 113,000 strong.

Such a story demands the skill of an experienced labor journalist like Mrs. Vorse, one who is capable of writing what, for lack of a better name, is called *reportage.* It is that much discussed method of journalism that is more than mere reporting, something that in-

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udes interpretation, *feeling,* and the convey-ıg of that feeling to others. Mary Vorse has ıat experience, that skill, and that power.

Beginning with the Goodyear rubber-`rs' struggle in February, 1936, the first .IO strike, she traces the story through the tense excitement of the sitdown in Chevy 4 (General Motors Chevrolet Plant, No. 4), through the 1937 strike in Little Steel, and on out to the latest steps toward unity between CIO and AF of L. She is at her best in first-hand accounts of events she has herself witnessed—and there are plenty of those. On the night of June 19, 1937, for example, at Republic Steel's plant in Youngstown, Jim Eperjessi, fifty-seven-year-old steel-worker, was shot and killed by deputies standing in a truck. "I know," Mrs. Vorse writes, "because I was there. I stood beside the truck; I saw the flash and I heard the shots."

That same night she was wounded in the head as she walked along with a CIO organizer near the pickets at Tom Girdler's plant in Youngstown. Her account of what happened is direct and impersonal:

> Suddenly, without the slightest provocation, the deputies opened fire on the workers. Two men ran toward us and dropped at our feet. Scotty O'Hara also sprawled on the ground, and I thought he had done so to get out of the way of the bullets. I had better do the same thing, I thought, and the next I knew, I was lying on the ground myself near one man who was groaning and another who lay motionless.
>
> An hour and a half later, when I came from the hospital where my wound had been sewed up, the wounded were still arriving. A motionless woman lay on a stretcher in the hospital lobby. Two more women, with wounded legs, sat awaiting treatment. Outside a little boy of twelve was being helped from a car.

In the account of organizing by the United Automobile Workers of America, two first-hand stories were written by the author's son, Heaton Vorse, who was also covering these 1937 strikes. The list of CIO unions, with their membership in November 1937, is taken from Labor Research Association's *Arsenal of Facts,* the little twenty-five-cent pocket handbook so widely used now by trade unionists.

Closing her book with an analysis of Labor's Non-Partisan League and its broader political significance, Mrs. Vorse shows how flexible is the CIO's method of organizing. It is making the cause of the unemployed its own. It is meeting the challenge of a new depression. American Labor has shown in its struggles an inventiveness, intelligence, and power greater than anything before in its long history. "The CIO, with its form of industrial unionism, its dynamic leadership, was an answer to the unspoken wish which had existed in the hearts of literally millions of workers."

GRACE HUTCHINS.

A. Alay

Fact and Myth in Welsh Fiction

THE BLUE BED, *By Glyn Jones. E. P. Dutton. & Co. $2.*

LIKE the work of Dylan Thomas, Gavin Ewart, and other members of the young Welsh group, these stories of Glyn Jones are marked by a primitive vigor and an almost too profuse intensity of image. The rationale of Mr. Jones' work is equally primitive, for in the stories at hand he attempts to capture the folk animism of the Welsh land-proletariat —an animism essentially pagan, which has, nevertheless, been translated by tradition into the terms of Christian mythology. Thus, in "Cadi Hughes," God appears as an intimate friend of the main character; and the best story in the book, "The Kiss," derives its meaning and its impact from the fact that it is a restatement of the Lazarus myth, set in a localized context.

There are a number of serious technical flaws, however, which prevent Mr. Jones from completely realizing his conceptions. The first story, for instance, "I Was Born in the Ystrad Valley," starts as a pleasant, slightly ironical, first-person narrative about the education of a Welsh proletarian who rises above his class; and suddenly the focus is shifted into an abortive revolution, presumably anarchist, which flares up around Cardiff and is rigorously suppressed. If such a shift in focus remains unsynthesized on some more inclusive level, it destroys not only the actual continuity but the qualitative tone which should pervade the work. And this cleavage is rampant all through the present volume—the imagery clogs the action when the author attempts realism, and the elaborate descriptive detail twists the emphasis away from the mythical framework. But Mr. Jones writes everywhere with an unsurfeited power holding much promise; and in a story like "The Kiss," he achieves an effect reminiscent of the best of T. F. Powys.

JOSEPH FRANK.

MAGAZINES

THE AMERICAN QUARTERLY ON THE SOVIET UNION, *Vol. I, No. 1, The American Russian Institute, Inc. 35 cents.*

In a note addressed to the readers, the editorial board of this new publication states its purposes quite clearly:

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the publication of *The American Quarterly on the Soviet Union* with the aim of furnishing a periodical in which authoritative information on the Soviet Union will appear. The specialized articles which it will contain are intended to give careful analyses in various fields of study concerning the USSR. In this way it is hoped that serious students of the Soviet Union may regularly make available the result of their studies on the many aspects of Soviet development. In turn, it is hoped that *The Quarterly* may be of use to students of the Soviet Union by providing, in addition to specialized articles, considerable reference material, such as translations of important documents, statistical and biographical material, and a news chronology."

Unquestionably, the idea is excellent. There has been a long and urgent need for just such a publication — judicious, scholarly, authoritative, and completely free of blatant journalism and crude propaganda. Unquestionably, too, the realization of the idea, if the first issue is a fair sample, is as excellent as the idea itself. Indeed, our enthusiasm for this first issue is unqualified.

The five articles—"Housecleaning in Soviet Law," by John N. Hazard; "Style Developments in Soviet Architecture," by Talbot Faulkner Hamlin; "The Oil Industry in the USSR," by Samuel S. Shipman; "Study of a Ukrainian Collective Farm," by Joseph B. Phillips; "Miaskovsky, the Man of Eighteen Symphonies," by Nicolas Slonimsky—are all fine, and Mr. Hazard's is particularly noteworthy. It is amazing how much solid information and close thinking the author has packed into twelve pages of text, a magnificent exposé of the subtle methods of wrecking employed by the enemies of the Soviet state in the realm of ideology. No earnest student of the Soviet Union can afford to miss this publication.

THEATRE WORKSHOP, *April-June 1938. Vol. II, No. 1. 50 cents.*

With this issue, the quarterly *Theatre Workshop* introduces some important changes in editorial policy. The magazine was originally conceived of as a craft supplement to *New Theatre.* It now hopes to make up for the great gap left by the demise of that valuable publication. By printing three new one-act plays as well as several discussions on popular questions in the contemporary theater, the current issue makes an appeal to every alert theatergoer. Further improvements are promised for future issues. As the voice of the progressive theater and film movement, *Theatre Workshop* deserves energetic support.

A timely feature is the symposium on "Scenery Or No Scenery?" to which several outstanding theater workers contribute their opinions of the scenery-less stage technique of such productions as *The Cradle Will Rock, Our Town,* and *Julius Caesar.* Among those who participate in the discussion are Mrs. Hallie Flanagan, Howard Bay, Marc Blitzstein, John Gassner, Mordecai Gorelik, and Lee Strasberg. The prominent Soviet critic, G. Boyadzhiev, contributes an enlightening article on "Revolutionary Staging of Classics."

Bertolt Brecht, author of *Mother,* is represented by *Señora Carrar's Rifles,* a one-act play which he wrote after a visit to Spain. The Chinese theater is discussed in a letter by Agnes Smedley. The immediate problem of the theater in America is admirably summed up in Irwin Shaw's "America Needs the Fine Arts Bill."

Ben Irwin concludes his "Resurgence of the New Theatre" by pointing out that "The stage is set and the properties are at hand for the new theaters to present their drama before a people's audience, a history-determining audience. This audience awaits us impatiently. Ring up the curtain!" The vital and progressive character of *Theatre Workshop* is a sure sign that this resurgence is no longer a wish but a fact.

AMONG FRIENDS, *Spring 1938, Vol. I., No. 2. 10 cents.*

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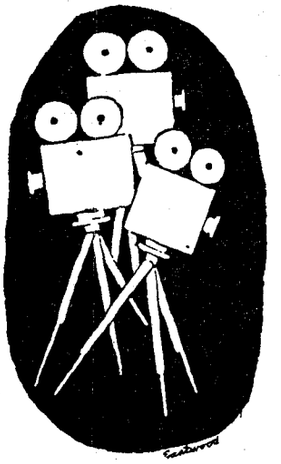
informative magazine which no supporter of the Spanish people and the Lincoln Brigade should overlook. The publication is edited by David McKelvy White. The present issue includes articles by Dorothy Parker, Louis Fischer, Ernest Hemingway, and Francis Gorman. Other articles and letters are contributed by veterans of the Brigade. Of special interest are the drawings by Luis Quintanilla, whose work is now on exhibition in this country. To *Among Friends*: Salud!

MOVIES

ANOTHER movie version of Philip Barry's play, *Holiday,* turns out to be one of the funniest and most lovable pictures in a long time. Donald Ogden Stewart and Sidney Buchman have augmented Barry's memorable dialogue with some political observations of their own. The brilliant anti-reactionary tone of the screen story of a nice young man who nearly married a bank, but got his freedom and the right girl in the end, is just what the play needed.

From all aspects Columbia's handling of *Holiday* makes it a superior picture. Katharine Hepburn as Linda Seton, sister of the cold-hearted Julia who has snared Johnny Case (Cary Grant), registers another of her outstanding performances. Johnny wants to get out of the brokerage house and find out what makes the world tick and where he fits into the scheme of things. Linda has already tried it and been stifled by her family. She confesses to Johnny that she tried helping strikers once, only to learn that her father was on the board of directors of the firm being picketed. Grant is the right Johnny Case; Edward Everett Horton restrains himself beautifully in the role of the mellow and witty Nick Potter. Lew Ayres has a foolproof part, that of Ned Seton who stays quietly drunk in order to stand his empty life as a scion of the bank. Henry Kolker as the crustacean banker, Edward Seton, realizes that there is something happening in the world; he doesn't understand and doesn't try to, but he feels that Johnny's



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vague plans for finding out are "un-American." The picture is, of course, still the romantic story of escapism, but the screen treatment goes deeper in its description of the shallow frustrations of the idle youth on Park Avenue. The third generation of the Setons has begun to rot—Ned is a drunkard; Julia is a cold dollar-sign; and Linda must run away. The real people are Professor Potter and his wife Susan, who abet Linda and Johnny in their search for an answer. Once Seton Cram, the fishy cousin of the Setons, says that a certain financial deal would have made twice as much if it were not for the present administration and that there were countries where the deal could be worked. "And what government might you be thinking of?" asks Susan, ready to jump on him. This is polite society, and the incident is passed off.

George Cukor's direction, Franz Planer's fine photography, and a cast that could not be better make of *Holiday* a splendid and thoughtful picture, full of whimsical humor and absorbing entertainment.

SINCE I SHARE THE REPUGNANCE of our pacifist contemporaries for atrocity stories, I shan't dwell on the details of *Girl in the Street,* an English musical that came and went at the Continental. Even for an Irishman, the transition of Anna Neagle from the title role in *Victoria the Great* to her task in this picture —one of waggling her fundament in a night club—was a little shocking. It was *lèse majesté,* no less, and the startled tongue-clucking of the British colony in the balcony behind me indicated that the thing did England no good. And that is too bad, because most Gaumont-British productions are intended to be a kind of rubber cement to help hold the old empire together. This one is full of the phony tory brand of honor—the hero, Tullio Carminati, is a sort of Anthony Eden who gets busted out of the ranks for blabbing the plans of an imperialist grab in China. Signor Carminati doesn't sing, but Miss Neagle does. How I miss the good old silent days.

A modest French comedy-romance—with the proper touch of Gallic immodesty—is *The Slipper Episode,* now at the 55th Street Playhouse. Tristan Bernard, its venerable author, appears with a witty little speech for the prologue, and the lovers' chase begins with Betty Stockfield and her boy friend traveling to Switzerland to deliver a slipper which a married friend has indiscreetly left in a gentleman's apartment.

A good deal of pastoral photography describes the peregrinations of the slipper. The acting is the only florid thing about this gentle whimsy. If your French is good you'll get the off-color gags which are naturally missing from the English titles because of the stout moral defense of Will Hays. For instance, the word cuckold (*cocu*), the hearing of which would instantly derange our national morals, has been unflinchingly confined to the French. Let the French *be* dirty—we'll stick to the cabbage story.

JAMES DUGAN.

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DANCE

You ballet lovers and you modern dance enthusiasts might take time off from your esthetic sniping to discover on page 62 of Curt Sachs' book* on the dance that, "Since the Stone Age, the dance has taken on as little in the way of new form as of new content. The history of the creative dance takes place in pre-history." And you fans of Suzi-Q and the Big Apple might turn to plate 19 of the copious illustrations to see literally the skeleton of the Shag and the hot clarinet in *The Dance of the Dead* from the Hartmann Schedel *Weltchronik* of 1493.

For the most part Curt Sachs is the typical German pedant in his analysis. He is as thorough in his treatment of his subject matter as a writer of the bourgeoisie can be. The fault a Marxist will find with Curt Sachs is that, for all his excellent research and documentation, he stops short, fails to draw on much pertinent social material. While he often makes acute observations rising out of economic analysis, he ultimately allows a Freudian emphasis to deflect a less psychological, more dialectic conclusion. "The form of economy cannot determine the dance," he writes, but a good half of the book is given to an exposition of movements, themes, types, forms, choreography, and music of dance as they arise from and depend upon the social and economic lives of the primitive peoples. The emphasis in this section, however, is unfortunately psychoanalytical, hardly socially scientific, and like much of the sensationalist anthropological writings given over to the sex practices, rituals, and taboos of the aboriginals. No one questions the importance anthropologists attach to sex life among the primitives, but certainly the business of survival was at least as important as the procreative instincts among these peoples. A writer of the world history of the dance should have a more balanced approach.

The second half of the book is given to the historic (as opposed to geographic) development of the dance since the Stone Age. Of necessity, since the section is limited to some 250 pages, the treatment is rather hurried and, except for short moments, rather dry. First there are circular dances without touching, then circular dances with touching. There are animal dances and double circles and moon dances; embracing dances and wooing dances; a long section given to minute analyses of the various steps of the different court dances, a few pages on the waltz period and less on the tango.

The history ends with the coming of Isadora Duncan; hers is the only name mentioned in the book.

OWEN BURKE.

* WORLD HISTORY OF THE DANCE, *by Curt Sachs. Translated by Bessie Schönberg. W. W. Norton & Co. $5.*

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ANALYSIS OF THE NEWS OF THE WEEK every Sunday night, 8:30 p. m. Workers School, 2nd floor, 35 East 12th Street. Admission, 20c.

AMERICAN ARTISTS SCHOOL—Lecture by Jerome Klein—"DEALINGS IN ART." Thursday, June 9, 9 p. m. Sub. 35c. 131 West 14th St.

EVERYBODY'S GOING to the Cocktail Party for Richard Wright, author of "Uncle Tom's Children," at I. W. O. Centre, 317 W. 125 St., Saturday, June 4, at 10 p. m. Sub. 35c.

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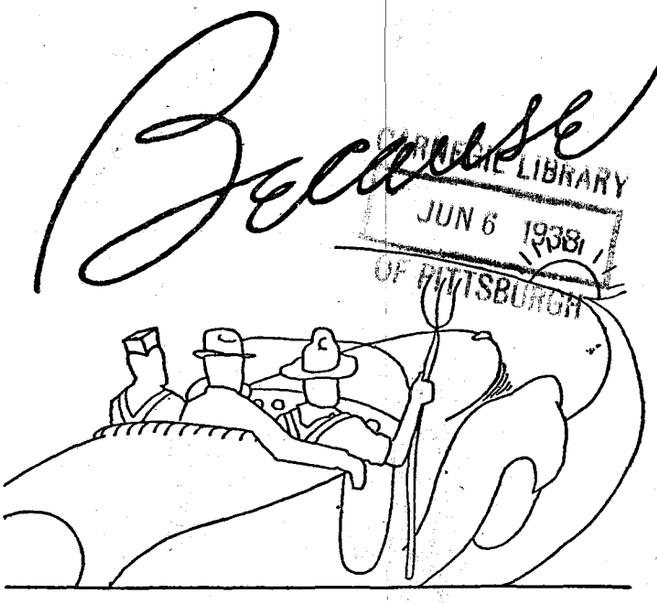

WE LIKE AMERICA

"America is waking up, and the middle class, all things considered, is playing its part in that awakening. You can help or you can hinder the transformation that is now going on. If you understand the amount of unnecessary misery there is, I think you will be generous enough to help. If you examine candidly your own position, I think you will be wise enough to help."

I LIKE AMERICA, *by Granville Hicks, page 122*

BECAUSE WE LIKE AMERICA, New Masses will continue to help the members of the awakening middle class "examine candidly" their own position. (As we did recently in *Liberal Arts and the Marginal Life,* by Motier Harris Fisher; *Who Is the Little Business Man?* by A. B. Magil.)

● We will continue to keep you informed of "the transformation that is now going on." (*Who Won in Pennsylvania?,* by Bruce Minton; *Roosevelt and the South,* by Lee Coller; behind-the-scenes reports from Washington by Marguerite Young.)

● We will continue to point out the role America must play in world affairs if we are to save our own dream for ourselves. (Earl Browder's series on *Concerted Action vs. Isolation;* his debate with Frederick J. Libby; *America Can Halt Japan,* by Paul G. McManus.)

● We will continue to point out how unnecessary is the misery you see around you and what can be done to end it. (*Homes for the One-Third,* by Sidney Hill; *We Speak for the Unemployed,* by David Lasser; *Labor Unity and the Elections,* by John T. Bernard.)

BECAUSE we agree so thoroughly with the things Granville Hicks says in his book I LIKE AMERICA, we are glad to be able to offer it to new or renewing subscribers with a six months subscription to New Masses. If you like America and want to take an active part in hastening its transformation into a place everybody in it can like, take advantage of this Special Combination Offer—MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

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